ABORTION: WE TOLD YOU SO—THE EDITORS

JULY 31, 1989 · $2.5

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Fred Barnes with Bush in Budapest · America's Japan Problem—Morton Kondracke

1789 and All That

Simon Schama reviews the competition

Henry Fairlie on the Franco-American Revolution

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE 1990
ROY HAMMER LIB 29#P4
#729D**********3-DIGIT 757
#LABAOR00097#
690976 LAB AOR00099 H458 JAN08
787445 1
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

CORRESPONDENCE

Wrong Numbers

To the editors:

The Cambridge Diarist ("Old Scores and New," May 8) may not like my estimates of the deaths in the purges, but he could at least get his facts right. My former wife, Sheila Fitzpatrick (not Fitzgerald), is not "an old-fashioned, old left historian," but strongly anti-Marxist. Her sin is that she is anti-Lenin and anti-Bukharin as well as anti-Stalin, and hence the New Left "revisionists" have a tendency to smear her. The notion that she was a Svengali who radicalized me is ludicrous, for I have always been marginally to the left of her. The Diarist's version of the revision of Merle Fainsod's *How Russia Is Ruled* is filled with errors.

The source of the Diarist's emotion is very unclear. My estimate of purge *deaths* (not arrests) 1937-39 was (and is) 75,000 to 200,000 and excess deaths 1926-39 4.5 million to 5 million. Why in God's name does the Diarist consider these a "palatably low number"? Twenty million is inconsistent with census data, but that is a scholarly argument in which none of us knows the precise number. But why does the difference between 5 million and 20 million have any moral significance? Do we have to raise the deaths in the Holocaust to 20 million before we can condemn Hitler?

Perhaps Alexander Cockburn chose to use *How the Soviet Union Is Governed* because he found that the analysis stood up extremely well in retrospect. Unlike those such as Richard Pipes who said that Russians could never change and Stephen Cohen who said that Russia from the top to the bottom had become the most conservative society in the world, *How the Soviet Union Is Governed* talked about the social pressure for liberalization and the likely responsiveness of a new generation of leaders to it. Or perhaps Mr. Cockburn simply read the extremely favorable review of the book that Mr. Peretz published in THE NEW REPUBLIC of August 25, 1979, which emphasized the predictions of liberalization: "a brilliant and new statement of the nature of politics in Russia."

JERRY F. HOUGH
Durham, North Carolina

To the editors:

The Cambridge Diarist writes that Cockburn "seems to favor 'tens of thousands' as the number of deaths in the purges of 1937 and 1938." I do nothing of the sort. In my *Nation* column of March 6 I reviewed a number of estimates of how many people died in the famine and purges in the Soviet Union in the 1930s. I started with Roy Medvedev's recent reckoning that some 20 million were killed in camps, collectivization, by famine, and by executions between 1927 and 1953, and then quoted some North American scholars dubious of this figure and particularly his estimates for the famine purges before war broke out. Among them were Merle Fainsod and Jerry Hough's estimate that "some 3.5 million" may have died directly or indirectly as a result of collectivizations. I then quoted directly from their 1979 volume *How the Soviet Union Is Governed* their observation that so far as the purges of 1937 and 1938 were concerned, "a figure in the low hundreds of thousands seems much more probable than one in the high hundreds of thousands, and even George Kennan's estimate of 'tens of thousands' is quite conceivable, maybe even probable."

At no point did I endorse Kennan's figure, and only someone absolutely determined to misrepresent my position could have concluded otherwise from my column. My motive in citing it was to show how far we have traveled from the speculation of someone by no means amicable to the Soviet Union in this regard to the millions, even tens of millions invoked today. I cited Robert Conquest's and indeed Stephen Cohen's support for a 20 million figure for Stalin's victims (dead victims) before the Second World War, and with more warmth, the estimates of the demographers Barbara Anderson and Brian Silver, who seem to reckon a sensible position on these highly speculative estimates to be in the three to five million range.

I'm baffled to find that citation of any number under 20 million is somehow regarded as being supportive of Stalin. The people keenest to prove that Stalin was "worse" than Hitler are usually Ukrainian Nazis, for very obvious reasons.

ALEXANDER COCKBURN
New York, New York

The Cambridge Diarist replies:

I'm sorry if I was wrong about the political-psychological details of the influence on Professor Hough of his former wife, Professor Fitzpatrick. We must look elsewhere, apparently, for the source of his persistent tendency to play down the crimes of Stalinism.

Mr. Hough avoids commenting on the most damaging of my points against him: the academic scandal of his travestying the late Merle Fainsod's brilliant book while retaining, and trading on, Professor Fainsod's name. Mr. Cockburn perpetuates the travesty by referring to "Merle Fainsod and Jerry Hough's estimate . . ."

continued on page 40

First Anniversary.
Second Anniversary.
Third Anniversary.
Fourth Anniversary.
She may well appreciate all the perfume you've given her. However, she now owns enough to fill a medium-size lake.
This year, tell her you'd marry her all over again. The Diamond Anniversary Band.
A diamond is forever.
©1989
Suggested retail price for rings $1,495-$1,795.
For more information, call 800 647-0012, in VA 703 549-1890.
KAY JB ROBINSON JEWELERS
The diamond people

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MISSISSIPPI COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Spring, Texas

RECEIVED
JUL 17 1989

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A Weekly Journal of Opinion

JULY 31, 1989

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 3,889

Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
MICHAEL KINSLEY
Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN
Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT,
MICKEY KAUS, MORTON M. KONDRACKE,
ROBERT WRIGHT
New Republic Books Editor
(Basic Books)
BILL NEWLIN
Economics
ROBERT KUTTNER
Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN
Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Music
EDWARD ROTHSTEIN
Poetry
RICHARD HOWARD
Art
MARK STEVENS
Architecture
HERBERT MUSCHAMP
Contributing Editors
ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE,
JAMES K. GLASSMAN, HENDRIK HERTZBERG,
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER,
VINT LAWRENCE, LOUIS MENAND,
ROBERT B. REICH, JONATHAN RIEDER,
MAGGIE SCARF, RONALD STEEL,
RICHARD L. STROUT, E. V. THAW, ANNE TYLER,
NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN,
MICHAEL WALZER, C. VANN WOODWARD
Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLENSKY
Assistant to the Editors
JUNE HALEY
Assistant Editor
LEONA HIRAOKA ROTH
Production Manager
BRUCE STEINKE
Assistant Production Manager
KRISTIN CONRADI
Production Associate
ERIC V. PETERSON
Literary Assistant
SARA MOSLE
Interns
ELAINE BUCKBERG, DAVID ELLEN,
HOWARD ULLMAN

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH
Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Associate Publisher
TOM HICKS
Controller
JEAN GANDY
Advertising Manager
JENNIFER BARRETT
Circulation Director
PATTY JONES
Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. OVERHOLSER
Advertising Assistant
DARLENE BUSCAGLIO
Accounting Assistant
JULIE HAWKINS
Back Issues and Reception
MAXINE OAKLEY
Circulation Consultant
H. EDWARD YOUNG
Corporate Marketing
GUY STODDARD
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

"Nuit du 4 Août 1789 ou Le Délire Patriotique," Paris. French, 18th century (blood by Vint Lawrence). Articles on pages 19 and 26.

2 CORRESPONDENCE Tainting by numbers with Soviet history.

4 TRB FROM WASHINGTON **MORGANATIC MARRIAGE** The Elizabeth Morgan case.

5 THE EDITORS **GOOD NEWS ON ABORTION** Someday liberals will thank the Supreme Court for repealing *Roe* v. *Wade*.

6 NOTEBOOK An invitation to Beijing, &c.

8 FRED BARNES **WHITE HOUSE WATCH: HUNGARY FOR LOVE** Eastern Europe didn't exactly give Bush the Kennedy treatment.

10 DAVID ELLEN **PAYBACK TIME** Now that Japanese-Americans have gotten reparations from the government, some blacks say it's their turn.

11 MORTON M. KONDRACKE **OUR JAPAN PROBLEM** It's really our America problem.

14 STEPHEN BATES **IGNORE A MENORAH** But strike down a crèche, says the Supreme Court.

16 MARK R. HOFFENBERG **FALLING APARTHEID** Believe it or not, the September elections in South Africa will bring real change at last.

17 ABIGAIL THERNSTROM **PERMAFFIRM ACTION** Reverse discrimination is far too institutionalized to be ended by a few Supreme Court rulings.

19 HENRY FAIRLIE **LET THEM EAT HOT DOGS** The American role in the French Revolution, and vice versa.

24 STANLEY KAUFFMANN **ON FILMS: MIDSUMMER ROUNDUP** *Batman* is suitably dank, with Jack Nicholson a perfect Joker; and more.

26 SIMON SCHAMA **THE NIGHTMARES OF REASON** Was the French Revolution the most expeditious route to democracy? Some historians dare a little skeptical revisionism.

33 ANDREW J. NATHAN **THE ROAD TO TIANANMEN SQUARE** *The Secret Speeches of Chairman Mao: From the Hundred Flowers to the Great Leap Forward*

34 CARL CONOVER **POEM** *The Glover's Son*

36 ROBERT PINSKY **THE LANGUAGE NET** *Poems of Paul Celan* by Paul Celan; translated by Michael Hamburger

39 HERMIONE LEE **KINGSLEY AND THE WOMEN** *Difficulties with Girls* by Kingsley Amis

42 WASHINGTON DIARIST **UP TO SPEED**

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 201, Number 5, Issue 3,889, July 31, 1989. (Printed in the U.S. on July 12, 1989.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 9 & 16, July 17 & 24, Aug. 7 & 14, and Sept. 18 & 25, 1989) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions, $59.97; foreign, $89.97; Canada, $74.97. Back issues, $3.00 (includes postage & handling). ©1989 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106 and Bell & Howell, Old Mansfield Road, Wooster, OH 44691. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 56515, Boulder, CO 80322. For subscription problems call 800-274-6686.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB
FROM WASHINGTON

Morganatic Marriage

Even in London, where I just spent a few months, people are talking about Dr. Elizabeth Morgan. She's the prominent Washington plastic surgeon who has been in jail for almost two years because she won't reveal the whereabouts of her daughter, Hilary. She says Hilary was sexually abused by the child's father, Dr. Eric Foretich. She sent Hilary into hiding with her maternal grandparents rather than obey a court order granting Foretich unsupervised visitation rights.

Morgan (whom I know slightly) and her family have staged a brilliant publicity campaign that has turned her into the thinking woman's Tawana Brawley. That's not to say her story isn't true. There is good, though not definitive, evidence on her side. The zillions of experts who have opined on the matter are split, but a majority say yes, Hilary has been sexually abused. (On the other hand, Foretich has passed two lie-detector tests.) A Virginia court, looking at similar evidence, has refused Foretich visitation rights with a daughter from another marriage (he's had four). But a few things bother me about the consensus that Morgan is the martyr-heroine of this saga.

First, there's a plausible alternative scenario. Foretich, clearly a mess of a man, seduced, impregnated, and hastily married Morgan before he was even divorced from wife No. 2. By the time Hilary was born in 1982, their marriage was already over. Morgan, a superachiever who had previously failed at nothing in her life, and also something of a self-dramatizer, was humiliated and bitter. She was trying to deny Foretich visitation rights even before wife No. 2 called in 1983 to say she thought Foretich was molesting both their daughters.

The power of suggestion works on children and grown-ups alike. Last year Elizabeth's father sent me, from hiding, a transcript of several conversations he says took place between Hilary and his wife, a psychologist. The Morgan family apparently believes these are devastating evidence against Foretich.

In the transcripts, Hilary does not merely assert that her father forced her to perform various sex acts. She declares that her paternal grandfather and grandmother did as well, along with Foretich's then-fiancée (now divorced wife No. 4). She says they would "poke" her in "the ears," among more predictable places. She says that she, her father, her grandfather, her grandmother, her father's fiancée, and her half-sister all got in the bathtub together. She says her grandmother used to dress up as a witch and her father and grandfather as warlocks. ("Tell me some more things, darling," says her interrogator.) She says that the legal supervisor appointed by the Washington judge—whom the Morgans hate—told her, "I'm going to kill you if you don't be nice to your daddy," and once kissed Dr. Foretich.

Memory or improvisation? Asked what "things" her father put in her mouth, Hilary says he would "put pee in my mouth." Question: "How would he do that?" Answer: "He'd put it into a wine glass and . . . pour it into a wine bottle and put it into a wine glass and pour it into my mouth." And finally, after 11 sessions of this:

> Q. Tell me, how do you feel about your daddy?
> A. Terrible, terrible, terrible.
> Q. What do you mean terrible?
> A. Terrible, terrible, terrible, terrible, terrible, terrible, terrible. . . .
> Q. And how do you feel about your mummy?
> A. Lots of niceness.
> Q. Lots of niceness?
> A. Nicey, nicey, nicey.

I bet.

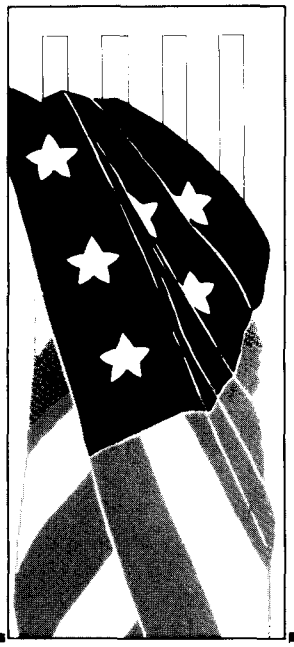
This surely doesn't prove that Hilary's basic story is made up. But it does show the risk of taking a child's word, especially when she's swept up with her mother and her whole overwrought family in a whirlpool of self-feeding paranoia. "Judges don't listen to little girls," a pro-Morgan child psychologist quotes Hilary as telling her (another notion I doubt Hilary thought of by herself). Sometimes they have good reason.

A second troubling aspect of the Morgan case is the casual acceptance, even celebration, of the way she has taken the law into her own hands. How many columns has Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* written over the years on the theme that America is ruled by laws and not men? Yet he is one of many liberal journalists who have taken up Morgan's cause, brushed aside her contempt of court, and urged Judge Dixon to release her.

continued on page 41

When litigation supplants regulation.

What happens when advocacy groups challenge government agencies in the courts? Jeremy Rabkin's analysis finds the distortion of Constitution principles, creation of administrative logjams, and a series of incoherent, inflexible policies.



"He describes with scholarly care what Washington policy makers have already learned from frustrating experience.... A new vindication of the wisdom of the Federalist Papers—wisdom we are ignoring today at our peril."

—WILLIAM BENNETT, Director, Office of National Drug Control Policy

JUDICIAL COMPULSIONS

How Public Law Distorts Public Policy

JEREMY RABKIN

$22.95 at bookstores

BASIC BOOKS, INC.

10 East 53rd Street, New York 10022

BASIC BOOKS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
JULY 31, 1989

GOOD NEWS ON ABORTION

THE NEW REPUBLIC's original editorial on *Roe* v. *Wade* in 1973, long before anyone ever accused this journal of drifting to the right, was written by the late constitutional scholar Alexander Bickel:

> The Constitution, said Justice Holmes in a famous dissent in 1905, "is made for people of fundamentally differing views." . . . When he wrote those words, the justices were grinding out annual answers to social and economic questions on the basis of their own convictions . . . derived, as it happens, from the laissez-faire philosophy of Herbert Spencer. That would not do, Holmes told them, and it did not, although it took 30 years for a majority of the justices to see it. . . . Again, it seems, it may take some time before the realization comes that this will not do.

It has taken 16 years for the Court to say once again, "This will not do." In *Webster* v. *Reproductive Health Services* it all but overruled *Roe* and gave the states substantial leeway once more to restrict abortion. We believe that a woman's right to choose abortion should be close to absolute. We also believe that in an age when the courts are once again dominated by conservatives (as they have been most of the time except for the past few decades), liberals are foolish to insist that issues of this sort ought to be settled by judges.

Roe was the Court's most extravagant exercise of the doctrine that there is a general right of privacy to be found in the "penumbras . . . formed by emanations" (Justice Douglas's phrase) from the Bill of Rights. You don't have to be a Bork-style stingy-constructionist to wonder how you squeeze a detailed regulatory scheme for abortion out of the Fourth and Fifth Amendments. Nor do you have to be a conservative to worry about the Court overruling democratic legislatures in such a sweeping and cavalier fashion.

Without explicitly declaring that the Constitution says nothing one way or the other about abortion, *Webster* goes directly to the greatest weakness in *Roe*: its notorious "trimester" analysis, and in particular its holding that the state's interest in the life of the fetus is not "compelling" until "viability," which it held to occur at 28 weeks. What is the magic about "viability"? Banning abortion at about 28 weeks may be a sensible resolution of the conflicting feelings most people have on the subject—it was approximately the common-law rule in the 19th century—but it is impossible to derive any such absolute principle from the Bill of Rights. If the state has a legitimate interest in protecting the life of the fetus, four justices held, that interest exists throughout the pregnancy. Since Chief Justice Rehnquist's plurality opinion also demotes the competing consideration of a woman's wish to have an abortion from a "fundamental right" to a "liberty interest," it seems that almost any restriction on abortion ought to pass judicial muster (although three cases next term will explore that question, and Justice O'Connor claims still to be making up her mind).

Webster illustrates the muddle and hypocrisy in which both sides of the abortion debate have sunk since *Roe* made a constitutional issue of it. The most troublesome aspect of the Missouri law at issue was a provision that abortions performed after 20 weeks must be preceded by tests for fetal viability. The obvious purpose of the law was to take maximum advantage of *Roe*'s holding that abortion can be banned after viability. In *Webster*, Rehnquist notes that a test at 20 weeks will usually show that the fetus is not viable; he argues that this means such a mandatory test will burden abortions pre-viability in violation of *Roe*; he says that's OK because viability is no longer crucial; then he concludes that he is not overturning *Roe* since the Missouri statute turns on viability. *Roe*'s author, Justice Blackmun, by contrast, in a bitter dissent, says that if the required

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tests are simply to determine viability, the Missouri statute doesn't violate *Roe* in the first place, although at the very least this reading would move up the beginning of his last trimester by almost two months.

For a generation, liberals have been hooked on the judiciary—counting on courts to enact their agenda for them through overly imaginative readings of the Constitution, the civil rights laws, and the common law of torts. The dangers of this should now be apparent. The liberal federal judiciary was a historical aberration. Now that conservatives are back in control they may go beyond merely repealing liberal excesses, in two ways. First, by overreacting and throwing out valid constitutional protections. If liberals can't recognize the difference between a right to abortion and a right to equal voting power, they shouldn't be surprised if conservatives can't recognize the difference either.

Second, conservatives have imaginative readings of their own. A "fundamental right" to be free of environmental regulation? Deceptive advertising as constitutionally protected free speech? These are just as plausible, and advanced by their partisans just as sincerely, as the arguments for a constitutional right to abortion. For that matter, it is no less plausible to argue that the fetus is a "person" and abortion is therefore unconstitutional. Not just honesty but prudence requires liberals to stand for rigor in reading rights into the Constitution.

There is also a political price to be paid for constitutional overreaching. Abortion was rapidly being legalized in 1973 and might well not even be controversial if politics had been allowed to take its course. *Roe* was a powerful stimulus to the right-to-life movement, which in turn was a cornerstone of the New Right, which is still a powerful political force today. Millions of social conservatives were mobilized while a seeming judicial victory on abortion robbed liberals of a powerful organizing issue.

By contrast, the threat of *Roe*'s repeal brought out 300,000 people to march on Washington in April. Many of these people were confused; the whole point of the Supreme Court is *not* to be influenced by massive public opinion. But this remarkable turnout, combined with most opinion polls, demonstrates that abortion is one issue on which liberals have both a large "hot button" constituency and the more passive agreement of a majority of the public. Republicans running for state office in 1990 are already running for cover. (Unfortunately for them, their official party platform endorses the Human Life Amendment, which would make almost all abortion unconstitutional.) On abortion, there is no need for liberals to fear democracy and hide behind judicial robes. Quite the opposite.

NOTEBOOK

DIM BULB:

"Edison was an inspiring manager as well. 'He was the most delightful and inspiring chief to work for that can be imagined. . . .' " —*Wall Street Journal* centennial edition, June 23, page B3 (feature on the "senior management dream team")

"Edison . . . an abrasive boss who gave his skilled coworkers little credit. . . ." —same paper, same day, page B17 ("A Gallery of the Greatest: People Who Influenced Our Daily Lives")

(thanks to Milford Sprecher, Takoma Park, Maryland)

BE THERE OR BE SQUARE:

THE EMBASSY OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA
2300 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20008

June 5, 1989

Mr. Michael Posner, Exec. Dir.
Lawyers' Committee for International
Human Rights
330--7th Ave., 10th floor north
New York, NY 10001

Dear Mr. Posner,

I am writing to call your attention to an important event soon to occur in Beijing.
At the invitation of Mr. Ren Jianxin, President of the Supreme People's Court of the People's Republic of China, the World Peace Through Law Center , headquartered in Washington, D.C. under the presidency of Charles S.Rhyne, will be holding its 14th Biennial Law of the World Conference in the Great Hall of the People in Beijing from August 20th to 25th, 1989. The Conference will be attended by leading judicial officials (including Chief Justices, Ministers of Justice, Attorneys-General, etc), jurists, law professors and lawyers from many countries. The delegates to the Conference will have the opportunity to review matters of law from a worldwide perspective. They will also be able to exchange views with one another and discuss how to deal with legal challenges facing them.
As th ed States has a prominent plac in th ld
(its active pra at
e the

A SHIFT IN THE WIND:

Flag amendment faces uphill battle

—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, July 2

Lawmakers across U.S. say flag amendment is sure bet

—same paper, next day

(thanks to John S. Sullivan, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania)

THANKS A HEAP: For most of the past year, TNR's masthead has had a certain makeshift look about it, what with all the little designations of "(ON LEAVE)" and "ACTING." Now that the ON LEAVEs are back IN CHARGE, they would just like to report how happy they are that things went so well in their absence. No, really, they are not the tiniest bit DISAPPOINTED to discover that they are so easily REPLACEABLE. They feel PERFECTLY SECURE, honestly, in their new/old assignments and would like to thank Bob Wright, James Gibney, and Rick Hertzberg sincerely for not doing an even better job and showing them up even more shamefully. Although these three fine journalists are gone from their elevated places on the masthead (or, in one case, gone from the masthead), they remain in our hearts, and also on our Rolodexes, and we will be happy to forward any late-breaking complaints about the magazine during their tenure to the appropriate party.

DOROTHY WICKENDEN and MIKE KINSLEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO MORE WISHFUL THINKING

By Harold B. Finger
President and Chief Executive Officer
U.S. Council for Energy Awareness

For too long, wishful thinking has dominated energy policy. The wishful thinkers tell us we don't need to build more power plants. They tell us we don't need to drill for oil and natural gas in frontier areas. They always have easy ways to avoid the problem.

They're dangerously wrong. We have an energy crisis coming. First, we're increasing our dependence on foreign oil and, in the process, gambling with our energy independence and our national security. Second, electricity demand is growing faster than new supplies are being added because of our continued economic growth. In some parts of the country, electric reliability is already threatened.

It's time to face up to our energy needs realistically. We cannot depend on "what if..." scenarios that won't deliver results for years, if at all.

Let's drop the wishful thinking and look at the facts instead.

In the last 15 years, since the 1973 oil embargo, the U.S. has made great strides in conserving energy and improving efficiency of energy use. Since 1973, our Gross National Product has grown 46 percent, but our *total* energy consumption has risen only 8 percent. That's great progress.

But those numbers don't tell the whole story. During that same period, demand for electricity has grown about 50 percent—roughly parallel with GNP growth. Clearly, electricity has fueled much of the growth in the U.S. economy over the past 15 years. And we must have additional, reliable, affordable supplies of electricity if our economy is to continue to grow.

For many reasons, most of them beyond the electric industry's control, plans for adding new generating capacity are not keeping up with increasing demand. Construction of new power plants is at a 15-year low. New capacity planned over the next 10 years will support growth in electric sales of only one percent per year. That's one-fourth the rate of growth we've experienced over the last six years.

The Oil Problem

Building new power plants is only part of the solution. We must also ask ourselves: what kind of power plants? The U.S. is already dangerously dependent on foreign oil and that dependence is rising. Imports represent nearly 50 percent of U.S. oil consumption. Last year, payments for foreign oil accounted for about one-third of our trade deficit and that bill is increasing.

What does this have to do with electricity? Today, over 25 percent of U.S. electric capacity is still fueled by oil and natural gas. Because oil-fired electricity is costly, electric utilities try to reserve that capacity for times of very high demand. If we don't meet rising electric demand with domestic fuels—like nuclear energy and coal—utilities will be forced to use those oil-fired plants more of the time, worsening our foreign oil dependence and boosting our electricity costs.

Unfortunately, we're already moving in that direction. Back in 1973, electric utilities used about 1.5 million barrels of oil per day. By 1987, thanks largely to new coal and nuclear electric power plants, utilities had cut that to about 500,000 barrels per day. But in 1988, utility oil use increased—to 675,000 barrels per day, a 24 percent increase. And by the mid-1990s, utilities will be burning about 1.8 million barrels per day—almost all of it imported. That's worse than 1973. Our nation is so dependent on foreign oil for other uses, like transportation, that we simply cannot afford to make the situation worse by using foreign oil to generate electricity.

The Nuclear Energy Solution

We can head off looming problems, and nuclear energy should be an important part of our energy strategy.

Nuclear energy has not always been a financial blessing for electric utilities, because of punitive treatment by state regulators who have refused to let companies recover the cost of building the plants. But nuclear energy has been an unmixed blessing for the U.S. and its people.

Nuclear energy is our second largest source of electricity, after coal. U.S. nuclear plants have cut consumer electricity costs by over $50 billion since the 1973 oil embargo. The spent fuel from all our commercial nuclear plants has been managed scrupulously at carefully controlled sites. And our plants have operated safely. We learned much from the Three Mile Island accident. The jolt it gave the industry's confidence led to substantial improvements in operation and design. The trends in plant performance tracked by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Institute of Nuclear Power Operations prove this. They show steady improvement in all areas of nuclear plant performance.

Finally, our nuclear plants have reduced oil imports. Since 1973, nuclear energy has displaced nearly 4 billion barrels of oil and cut our foreign oil payments by over $114 billion.

With such a record, there's no question that nuclear energy should play a larger role in supplying our future electricity needs.

These are facts. Wishful thinking cannot deliver so well.

Harold B. Finger

A View From Washington is a series of essays sponsored by corporations and associations. The views expressed do not necessarily reflect those of the magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

HUNGARY FOR LOVE

By Fred Barnes

Budapest, Hungary

President Bush is keen on Woody Allen. Winging his way to Warsaw on July 9, he recalled Allen's quip that "90 percent of life is just showing up." Bush insisted that "it's not quite that high" on his nine-day trip to Poland, Hungary, France, and the Netherlands. He was wrong. Just showing up, in Poland and Hungary at least, was all that mattered. Bush was even free to take a few liberties with his schedule, botch a sound bite in Budapest on July 12 by calling communism an "economic Rubik's cone," and be silly. On July 10 Bush sandwiched a chat with Polish Little League baseball players at the American Embassy between a speech to the Polish Parliament and a state dinner hosted by Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski. "You remember the Niekro brothers?" he asked the kids (dressed in American uniforms). "Does that ring a bell with any of you guys—Bill and Joe? These are Polish guys. They won more games than any pair of brothers in big league history."

Bush indulged his goofy streak, but he was careful not to screw up the important stuff. He was terrified of being disruptive or provocative, especially in Poland. "I don't want to say something that would complicate the move that is taking place towards democratization and economic reform," he told Polish journalists at the White House before he left. In Warsaw, Secretary of State James Baker said avoiding "hot rhetoric and exhortations" was high on Bush's agenda. Bush succeeded beyond his wildest expectations. His closest brush with inflaming passions came in Gdansk on July 11, when he addressed a Solidarity rally. "America stands with you," Bush said, and the crowd went nuts. But they quieted down after ten seconds, and he continued.

There was "real danger," according to Press Secretary Marlin Fitzwater, in "being too aggressive in pushing" for change. Bush took the safe route in his speeches by lecturing Poles on political reform, which they've had plenty of recently, and Hungarians on economic reform, which they're already pursuing enthusiastically.

In Poland's national election last month, Solidarity won every seat in the Parliament it contested against Communist Party candidates. But the Poles have lagged behind in moving toward a free market economy. In Gdansk, although Bush talked about "a more prosperous Poland," he didn't say how to achieve it. Jaruzelski had told him that Poles haven't the foggiest idea what capitalism entails. So Bush had an opportunity, one Ronald Reagan would have seized, to talk about supply and demand, investment, and entrepreneurship. He could have explained the success of a Polish-American, Steve Wozniak, a founder of Apple Computers. But Wozniak didn't play baseball, and Bush didn't mention him.

His speech at the Solidarity Workers' Monument (where several dozen shipyard strikers were killed in 1970) was warmed-over Kennedy. He plagiarized, with credit, President John F. Kennedy's famous speech in Berlin in 1962. "Today, to those who think that hopes can be forever suppressed, I say, let them look at Poland," Bush said. He stole, without credit, Teddy's speech at the Democratic National Convention in New York in 1980, the one vowing "the dream shall never die." Poland has longed for freedom for centuries, he said, and "the dream would not die."

At a dinner in Budapest six hours after his Gdansk speech, Bush talked up "the competitive market." He might as well have worn an Adam Smith tie. "The key to economic success is letting the market do its work," he said. The next day at Karl Marx University in Budapest, he denounced "the remnants of the Stalinist economy." Shifting to "a productive economy will test your mettle as a people," Bush said. "The prices of some commodities may rise. Some inefficient factories will close. [But] the creative drive of the people, once unleashed, will create a momentum of its own."

Hungarians must have experienced déjà vu. Haven't we heard this before—from our own leaders? Hungary has far more capitalism than any Communist country. Its move toward democracy is supposed to come, but not before next year. Bush could have prodded them with some of his Gdansk remarks. But he doesn't like to make colleagues squirm, even if they're Communists.

Jaruzelski gave Bush and his aides a surprise two weeks before they got to Poland when he announced he won't run for president. He surprised them again in Poland by latching onto Bush like a puppy. The one-on-one chat between the two on July 10 was slated for ten minutes. They lingered for more than two hours. Most of that time was spent with Jaruzelski outlining his country's complicated, sad, and stalemated politics. Next came a luncheon at the U.S. Embassy that Jaruzelski initially intended to skip. The Polish government, as the home team, thought it should host the first of the reciprocal meals, which is the normal procedure. But White House advance men said this was impossible. The Polish dinner was the night of July 10, Bush would be in Gdansk the next day, then gone from Poland. When Polish officials rejected an invitation to the luncheon, the White House instead asked delegates to the newly elected Parliament, both Solidarity members and Communists. They accepted, at which point Jaruzelski reconsidered and came. He even gave an impromptu toast, though Bush told him he "didn't have to."

Barbara Bush, who sat next to Jaruzelski at the luncheon, insisted the man has a sense of humor. He told a thigh-slapper about wearing suspenders, she said. His wild and crazy streak didn't surface in public. He is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stiffbacked and far less magnetic a political personality than Michael Dukakis. He can't smile because of a disability in his facial muscles. And he always wears dark sunglasses because he suffered snow blindness in Siberia decades ago. Jaruzelski took his sunglasses off to read a speech in Parliament just before Bush spoke, but he put them back on immediately upon finishing.

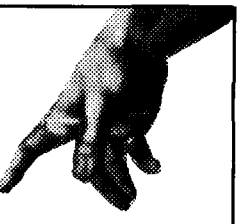
Still, Jaruzelski impressed the Bush entourage with his knowledge of economics. "I came very much prepared for a different man," said White House chief of staff John Sununu. "He has a good grasp of the whole problem." Jaruzelski seemed happy enough with Bush's lean package of economic aid. Polish officials don't have any program for productive use of a large, new dose of capital. They talked vaguely to Bush and his aides about encouraging "an entrepreneurial spirit." But as Roger Porter, Bush's domestic policy adviser, put it, "They weren't long on specifics." Sununu said that though they weren't explicit, they may want to privatize state-run businesses. "I'm reading between the lines," he admitted. Or maybe dreaming.

Bush had three audiences in Eastern Europe: Communist governments, reformers and dissidents like Solidarity leader Lech Walesa, and the American press. Bushies fretted that the president wouldn't meet press expectations after exceeding them six weeks ago on his trip to the NATO summit. In Warsaw, he didn't. The crowds that showed up to see Bush, though usually large, were not enthusiastic. Brent Scowcroft, Bush's national security adviser, said Poles were exuberant, but with "a kind of contented exuberance." To me, they seemed miserable.

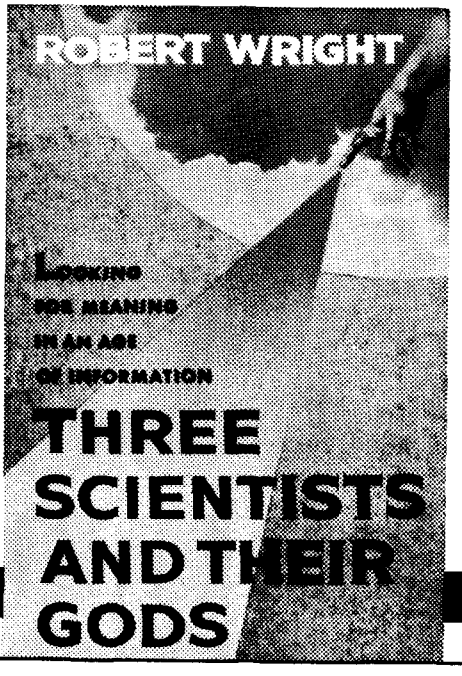
Jaruzelski took Bush to two wreath-laying ceremonies in Warsaw (and to a third in Gdansk). Bush claimed he was "profoundly moved" by them, but there was no evidence of it. At one ceremony, he mischievously sneaked a wave at a reporter. Jaruzelski's dinner for Bush dragged on for three hours. Fitzwater sat between two women who didn't speak any English. He doesn't speak Polish. There was no small talk.

Bush tried to make his aid package sound like a new Marshall Plan, calling it "an action plan for Poland" and "a comprehensive package of six measures." Three, maybe four, are eyewash. As reporters listened to Bush spell out the package in his speech to the Polish Parliament, they were inundated with press releases, including an eight-page fact sheet. The only parts of the package that mattered were Bush's plan to provide $100 million to support Polish entrepreneurs, if some can be found, and his promise to push for $325 million from the World Bank for Poland. The White House tried to play its aid two ways—as a lot and as an appropriately small amount. Baker ostentatiously signed an agree-

"A SMASHING DEBUT...



If you've never read a whole science book through at one sitting, *Three Scientists and Their Gods* may change that. . . In format, tone, and panache, Wright's book takes popular science literature where few such enterprises have gone before." —Carlin Romano, *Philadelphia Inquirer*



"Makes entropy as absorbing as a gossip column. . . Mr. Wright is a master of the intellectual profile." —George Sim Johnston, *Wall Street Journal*

"A gold mine and a mine field of ideas." —Dan Calef, *San Francisco Chronicle*

"A lucid book about complex ideas. . . Wright brings his considerable skill in writing and depth of thought to bear on these three profiles, which are as good as they come." —Lee Dembart, *Los Angeles Times*

"[*Three Scientists and Their Gods*] is what devotees of Hunter S. Thompson might consider gonzo science writing, in which author becomes anti-hero on a mythological quest. With the bemused detachment of the skeptical inquirer, Wright turns his encounters into masterly portraits of three eccentric thinkers. . . They are perfect foils for Mr. Wright in his 'periodic attempts to find evidence that life is not devoid of meaning.'" —George Johnson, *The New York Times Book Review*

Now in its 2nd printing

Published by
Times BOOKS
A Random House, Inc. Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment deferring payments on $1 billion of Poland's $39 billion debt. In truth, this had been agreed to several years ago. On the other hand, Sununu told NBC that Bush "was very sensitive to the reality that, in a sense, we could actually do too much." In other words, Poland might be flooded with capital, as it was in the 1970s, and might waste the money again. Bush averted this.

In Gdansk, Bush had lunch at Walesa's worker's villa (complete with satellite dish) on two acres outside Gdansk. He was dutifully wowed by the lunch—smoked eel, salmon, cold vegetable soup. "My mother taught me to eat what's before you," he said. "In this house, I would weigh 300 pounds." But he was bedeviled by Walesa's idle chatter about $10 billion in Western aid. "We're not after any loans," Walesa said. But he wants Western banks to open in Poland, "which would keep $10 billion." I'm not sure what he means. Bush explained, "He's asking for investment and the potential to build through the private sector to the tune of American banks being in Poland carrying $10 billion." Walesa was sharper on another point. In virtually non-stop TV interviews while Bush was in Poland, he said that his country's big problem is that there's only one employer, the state.

The Solidarity rally was the made-for-TV event Bush's handlers were looking for—a large, ebullient throng waving American flags and cheering Bush. Going from Warsaw to Gdansk is like going from East to West Berlin. People in Gdansk smile. They readily denounce communism and Communists. Bush gets downright giddy when popularly acclaimed. At a wreath-laying after the speech, he hugged a little boy. "I love all this stuff," he said later. "I like it. I like seeing the kids."

The giddiness continued in Budapest. As President Bruno Straub droned on during a rain-soaked welcoming ceremony in Kossuth Square, where the Hungarian revolt began in 1956, Bush fidgeted. Twice, he took out his speech text. He took off his raincoat when his time came to speak, stepped to the podium, told a man holding an umbrella over him to back off, and ripped his speech text in half. He said he wanted to "speak from the heart," but all he said was, "Thanks for the welcome." The next afternoon, at Karl Marx University, he gleefully noted that *Das Kapital* has been dropped from the required reading list.

The most poignant event of the entire visit to Eastern Europe was the luncheon at which Communist and Solidarity leaders ate together. At one table, Solidarity's Janusz Onyszykiewicz said he'd been jailed for 12 years, and pointed across the table to Interior Minister Czeslaw Kiszczak. "He was my jailer," Onyszykiewicz said. "I tried to get you a better cell," Kiszczak responded. The Bush party was practically irrelevant. One guest was Andrzej Wajda, the famous film director who's been elected to the Polish senate. White House officials didn't know who he was. As Sununu watched, a Solidarity official approached Jaruzelski and urged him to reconsider and run for president. This was "historic," Sununu said, since it was Jaruzelski who outlawed Solidarity in 1981. Sununu didn't inject a word as the two talked. All he could do was watch.

Reparations for slavery?

PAYBACK TIME

By David Ellen

Although many Americans welcomed the passage last August of a law giving $20,000 in reparations to each of the 60,000 surviving Japanese-Americans interned during World War II, some blacks saw it as an affront. Surely, they said, the American government owes at least that much to the victims of the greatest moral blemish in our nation's history, black chattel slavery.

The Wartime Relocation Act gave new life to a campaign for reparations to blacks that dates back to the aftermath of the Civil War, when two Radical Republicans—Thaddeus Stevens in the House and Charles Sumner in the Senate—pushed vigorously but unsuccessfully to give each freed slave "40 acres and a mule." A bill was introduced last December in the Massachusetts Senate calling for a commission to negotiate reparations payments by the commonwealth to "people of African descent." In April the Detroit City Council passed a more specific resolution urging Congress to authorize a $40 billion reparations fund to finance black higher education.

The TV talk shows have taken up the issue—Morton Downey Jr., *Crossfire*, and Phil Donahue all have devoted entire programs to it, and *Good Morning America* and the *Today Show* have run segments. The print media, from the *Village Voice* to the *Washington Times*, have joined in. Late in April the idea of reparations was further promoted in New Orleans at the African-American Summit, a meeting of black organizations at which Louis Farrakhan was the concluding speaker.

Now Representative John Conyers of Michigan is planning to introduce a federal reparations bill this summer. Like the first Japanese-American bill, Conyers's draft legislation does not propose any specific material reparations program. It asks for an official acknowledgment of the social and economic injustices of slavery. And it asks for a commission—three of whose seven members must be black—to document and recommend "appropriate remedies" for these and subsequent racial injustices. Jesse Jackson supports the general idea of reparations but hasn't endorsed any specific proposal.

Since the end of Reconstruction, demands for reparations generally have been linked to larger, more radical political programs. From Marcus Garvey's "African Republic" to the Black Muslims' "Nation of Islam" to the Black Panthers' "national liberation of the black colo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ny," reparations—often in the form of land in the South or in Africa—has represented the means to a separatist or nationalist end. In a famous 1969 set piece, the radical black leader James Forman interrupted a service at New York City's liberal Riverside Church to demand $500 million from white synagogues and churches—"$15 a nigger"—for, among other things, a "Southern land bank." The demands heard nowadays are more moderate. The Detroit City Council, Conyers, and most independent black reparation groups essentially want the federal government to pay monetary compensation to all blacks descended from slaves.

But even this more moderate demand has serious flaws in its argument. First, neither the victims nor the perpetrators of the injustice are living. This sharply distinguishes black reparations both from the Wartime Relocation Act and from the reparations West Germany still pays Israel and concentration camp survivors.

Second, the government did not commit or compel slavery; it merely allowed it. Indeed, some historians go so far as to say that the Constitution's toleration of slavery was a necessary evil—necessary to bring the Southern states into the Union. Ultimately, the federal government did come around to abolishing the practice—and 300,000 Union men died in a civil war fought, in part, to achieve that goal. The government then acknowledged the injustice of slavery in the most dramatic way possible: it amended the Constitution to make blacks free and morally equal citizens of the United States.

The idea of black reparations is not just harmlessly misguided. It is associated, both psychologically and historically, with the sort of separatist hate politics espoused by Farrakhan. In his April speech in New Orleans, he spoke of reparations—which would include the release of black convicts—in the same breath as the government's conspiracy to decimate Africa with AIDS and black neighborhoods with crack. The idea of reparations also reinforces the feeling of victimization that has been so counterproductive to black progress.

Of course, the reparations issue is almost custom-made to fuel racial resentment on the part of whites—not just the kind that leads to reverse discrimination lawsuits, but the sort stirred up by Morton Downey Jr., who invited ex-Klansman and now Louisiana state Representative David Duke to discuss the issue on his show. And more sympathetic whites may come to regard reparations as, in the words of Laurence Tribe, a "leveraged buyout of racial guilt."

None of this is to say the government has ever done all it should have to abolish slavery or to eradicate subsequent racial discrimination. Nor is it to deny that the current social pathologies of the largely black underclass have been caused in part by the legacy of slavery. It is simply that monetary reparations, though appropriate in certain specific circumstances, are not a sensible way to address general historical wrongs.

It's really our America problem.

OUR JAPAN PROBLEM

By Morton M. Kondracke

George Bush admittedly has had other things on his agenda during his first six months in office, but now is the time to develop a comprehensive Japan strategy, consisting of two parts: (1) a plan to reduce Japan's huge trade and money surplus with the world, mounting at a rate of $80 billion a year, and (2) a plan to make the United States more competitive and reduce our $700 billion in debt to the world, which is growing by $120 billion a year, $50-plus billion of it with Japan.

So far the administration has settled on a middle-ground orientation toward Japan: we are strategic partners, not adversaries, but also fierce economic competitors. But even White House aides admit that policy has been developed piecemeal, that no overriding strategy document has been drafted, and that they are late in setting goals and priorities. When does the drift stop? Soon, they say.

The stakes are very high. According to Michael Farren, the Commerce Department's top international trade official, the European Economic Community appears determined not to follow the U.S. model of trade with Japan (to be an open market to Japanese goods and investment, while being frozen out of Japanese markets), and may erect defensive barriers that keep out U.S. products along with Japanese. And the newly industrialized countries of the Pacific—especially South Korea and Taiwan—show signs of following Japan's model of surplus buildup, rather than America's model of open trade, leading inevitably to political hostility and a decline in world economic growth.

At the moment the protectionist lobby in Congress seems relatively quiescent, partly because of preoccupation with ethics and other matters, partly because of the administration's decision to name Japan as a trade offender and commence so-called "Super 301" talks to win concessions (named after the relevant provision in last year's trade bill). For the moment, Congress's most forceful trade spokesman, Senator Lloyd Bentsen, is putting maximum blame for the erosion of America's economic position where it belongs: on U.S. policies, including the budget deficit, low savings, high interest rates, and the short-term profit mania of U.S. corporations. But in an election year, legislators will be tempted to rouse voters by new rounds of Japan-bashing and protectionism, threatening the world's economic health and U.S.-Japanese political cooperation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Polls show a public ambivalence about Japan. A *New York Times* poll in February revealed that 79 percent of the populace considers U.S.-Japan relations as "friendly," but a plurality of 40 percent thinks trade with Japan is bad for the United States, and 57 percent believes that Japanese investment in the United States represents a threat. Demagogues could use graphic examples of Japanese protectionism to polarize opinion (such as a Japanese auto parts firm's recent refusal to let U.S. investor T. Boone Pickens sit on its board, even though he owns its largest block of stock). Already a growing body of literature exists—lately supplemented by James Fallows's book *More Like Us*—arguing that the Japanese are culturally incapable of practicing free trade. The logical conclusion for some policy advocates is "managed trade"—bilateral deals establishing quotas and, ultimately, cartels. For others, it is to cast Japan as an adversary—if not an enemy—bent on dominating the world economically and "buying up" the United States.

To set a positive tone, Bush invited Japan's then-Prime Minister Noboru Takeshita to be his first foreign visitor and made Japan his second foreign destination after Canada. Secretary of State James Baker declared on June 26 that he envisions the U.S. and Japan establishing a "new and truly global partnership" involving a "more creative sharing of global responsibilities," which presumably means that Japan will be asked to spend more of its surpluses on defense, debt relief, and economic aid, and to open up its markets to Third World products. But Baker made no specific requests. An administration strategy review should devise targets for Japanese responsibility-sharing. Japan's massive political morality crisis makes planning ahead all the more urgent.

According to practically every observer of U.S.-Japan relations, the U.S. government is likely to be stymied by bureaucratic conflict in getting what it wants from Japan. The State Department, suffering from "clientitis," wants to avoid conflict. The Pentagon and the National Security Council view Japan as a military base and a geopolitical ally, and also want to maintain cooperation. The Commerce Department and the U.S. Special Trade Representative, hearing complaints from U.S. industry, tend to be furious at Japan's refusal to open its markets. The Council of Economic Advisers believes that the Japanese are governed by the laws of economics just as other humans are, and that eventually they will rebel against protectionist policies, high consumer prices, and a low standard of living and begin to spend their surpluses on themselves.

Yet according to Trade Representative Carla Hills, "We are shoulder-to-shoulder on this: Japan is a strong ally and a good friend. We do have our own problems. But Japan has its problems. It is the second-biggest market in the world, but its manufacturing imports are 25 percent of European levels and one-third of ours." Similarly, the Commerce Department's Michael Farren said that all the economic agencies of the Bush administration, and the State Department, are "unanimous" in demanding greater market-opening and internal change in Japan. "In 1960 imports represented six percent of Japan's GNP. In 1988 they were the same. After all the talk of change, nothing's changed." A National Security Council staff member said that Bush has told aides he expects Japan to live up to its promises.

So what's going to happen? The administration apparently is satisfied that Japan is spending just over one percent of GNP for its own defense; its economic power is such that one percent buys the third-largest defense budget in the world. Other nations in Asia don't want Japan to become a true military powerhouse, and neither does the United States. However, the administration would like Japan to continue increasing payments for U.S. forces based in Japan, which have gone up from 30 percent to 40 percent of the total cost over the past five years. If the administration has a new figure to submit to Japan this year, it's a secret.

Critics such as Clyde Prestowitz of the Carnegie Endowment think that the Japanese defense burden should increase substantially, and that Japan ought to be charged for such U.S. operations as protection of Korea and the Persian Gulf. "For the world's largest debtor to be protecting the world's largest creditor is anomalous," he says. He's right, although billing Japan for services (and insisting it buy U.S. equipment when it's the best) seems to be a better way of burden-sharing than having it build forces capable of dominating Asia. That's especially true since everyone's defense burden may come down if Gorbachev gets around to making peace with Japan by offering to return the northern Kuril Islands that Russia has occupied since World War II.

On foreign aid, the Japanese are now spending 0.3 percent of GNP and have become the world's largest single aid donor. They have just agreed to give $2 billion to the Philippines, and they have proposed to help establish and fund a debt-reduction facility for the Third World. If Japan is to bear a fair share of the world's burden of peace-keeping, though, it should spend on aid what the United States spends on defense: six percent of GNP. Does the United States want that? Reportedly, the Treasury Department does not, because it would enhance Japan's influence in recipient countries and increase its voting power in institutions such as the World Bank. So what? If Japan can be persuaded to pay to be the world's good guy, it deserves more say in how the money is spent.

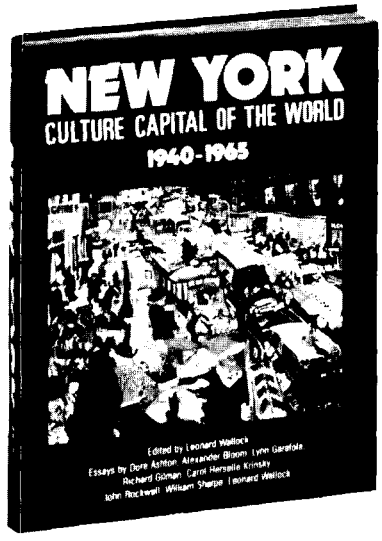
The biggest favor that Japan can do for the world, however, is to open its markets to the world's products. It is doing better—imports increased by 40 percent from 1985 to 1988, but from a very low base. Manufactured imports represent just 2.4 percent of Japan's GNP, compared with seven percent for the United States and ten percent for West Germany. The United States absorbs 50 percent of the exports of the underdeveloped world, but Japan buys only seven percent.

How can the United States get Japan to open up? Bush proposed—and the Japanese accepted—talks on structural impediments to balanced trade. But Prestowitz notes that these will be carried out merely at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEORGE ABBOTT ■ EDWARD ALBEE ■ LAURENCE ALLOWAY ■ MARIAN ANDERSON ■ HANNAH ARENDT ■ JOHN ASHBERY ■ BROOKS ATKINSON ■ GEORGE BALANCHINE ■ JAMES BALDWIN ■ JOHN BARBIROLLI ■ ED BEGLEY ■ NORMAN BEL GEDDES ■ DANIEL BELL ■ RUDOLF BING ■ MARCEL BREUER ■ LENNY BRUCE ■ JOHN CAGE ■ LUCIA CHASE ■ BETTY COMDEN ■ HENRY STEELE COMMAGER ■ GREGORY CORSO ■ AARON COPLAND ■ MERCE CUNNINGHAM ■ WILLEM DE KOONING ■ AGNES DE MILLE ■ ALLEN GINSBERG ■ NATHAN GLAZER ■ ARSHILE GORKY ■ CLEMENT GREENBERG ■ PEGGY GUGGENHEIM ■ OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN ■ WALLACE HARRISON ■ LILLIAN HELLMAN ■ THOMAS HESS ■ RICHARD HOFSTADTER ■ SIDNEY HOOK ■ LANGSTON HUGHES ■ PHILIP JOHNSON ■ ELIA KAZAN ■ JACK KEROUAC ■ LINCOLN KIRSTEIN ■ IRVING KRISTOL ■ ROY LICHTENSTEIN ■ WALTER LIPPMANN ■ DWIGHT MACDONALD ■ ETHEL MERMAN ■ DIMITRI MITROPOULOS ■ HANS MORGENTHAU ■ ROBERT MOTHERWELL ■ REINHOLD NIEBUHR ■ CLIFFORD ODETS ■ FRANK O'HARA ■ EUGENE O'NEILL ■ NORMAN PODHORETZ ■ JACKSON POLLOCK ■ JOSE QUINTERO ■ PHILIP RAHV ■ ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG ■ AD REINHARDT ■ LARRY RIVERS ■ HAROLD ROSENBERG ■ EMERY ROTH & SONS ■ MARK ROTHKO ■ EERO SAARINEN ■ ROGER SESSIONS ■ FRANK STELLA ■ CLYFFORD STILL ■ EDWARD DURELL STONE ■ MARIA TALLCHIEF ■ PAUL TAYLOR ■ LIONEL TRILLING ■ BRUNO WALTER ■ E.B. WHITE ■ THORNTON WILDER ■ WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS ■ GEORGE ABBOTT ■ EDWARD ALBEE ■ LAURENCE ALLOWAY ■ MARIAN ANDERSON ■ HANNAH ARENDT ■ JOHN ASHBERY ■ BROOKS ATKINSON ■ GEORGE BALANCHINE ■ JAMES BALDWIN ■ JOHN BARBIROLLI ■ ED BEGLEY ■ NORMAN BEL GEDDES ■ DANIEL BELL ■ RUDOLF BING ■ MARCEL BREUER ■ LENNY BRUCE ■ JOHN CAGE ■ LUCIA CHASE ■ BETTY COMDEN ■ HENRY STEELE COMMAGER ■ GREGORY CORSO ■ AARON COPLAND ■ MERCE CUNNINGHAM ■ WILLEM DE KOONING ■ AGNES DE MILLE ■ ALLEN GINSBERG ■ NATHAN GLAZER ■ ARSHILE GORKY ■ CLEMENT GREENBERG ■ PEGGY GUGGENHEIM ■ OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN ■ WALLACE HARRISON ■ LILLIAN HELLMAN ■ THOMAS HESS ■ RICHARD HOFSTADTER ■ SIDNEY HOOK ■ LANGSTON HUGHES ■ PHILIP JOHNSON ■ ELIA KAZAN ■ JACK KEROUAC ■ LINCOLN KIRSTEIN ■ IRVING KRISTOL ■ ROY LICHTENSTEIN ■ WALTER LIPPMANN ■ DWIGHT MACDONALD ■ ETHEL MERMAN ■ DIMITRI MITROPOULOS ■ HANS MORGENTHAU ■ ROBERT MOTHERWELL ■ REINHOLD NIEBUHR ■ CLIFFORD ODETS ■ FRANK O'HARA ■ EUGENE O'NEILL ■ NORMAN PODHORETZ ■ JACKSON POLLOCK ■ JOSE QUINTERO ■ PHILIP RAHV ■ ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG ■ AD REINHARDT ■ LARRY RIVERS ■ HAROLD ROSENBERG ■ EMERY ROTH & SONS ■ MARK ROTHKO ■ EERO SAARINEN ■ ROGER SESSIONS ■ FRANK STELLA ■ CLYFFORD STILL ■ EDWARD DURELL STONE ■ MARIA TALLCHIEF ■ PAUL TAYLOR ■ LIONEL TRILLING ■ BRUNO WALTER ■ E.B. WHITE ■ THORNTON WILDER ■ WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS ■ GEORGE ABBOTT ■ EDWARD ALBEE ■ LAURENCE ALLOWAY ■ MARIAN ANDERSON ■ HANNAH

The gang's all here!


NEW YORK
CULTURE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD
1940-1965
Edited by Leonard Wallock
Essays by Dore Ashton, Alexander Bloom, Lynn Garafola
Richard Gilman, Carol Herselle Krinsky
John Rockwell, William Sharpe, Leonard Wallock

NEW YORK: Culture Capital of the World 1940–1965
Edited by Leonard Wallock.

Essays by Dore Ashton, Alexander Bloom, Lynn Garafola, Richard Gilman, Carol Herselle Krinsky, John Rockwell, William Sharpe, and Leonard Wallock. Highly respected critics and experts describe New York when it was Camelot. Full of facts, intriguing anecdotes, and marvelous period photographs, this nostalgic volume recaptures the era 1940 to 1965, when New York led the world in music, dance, theatre, art, architecture and literature. No other book provides a more comprehensive portrait of the city during these years of intellectual ferment and artistic creativity. 280 pages. 9″ × 10″. 320 illus., 80 in color. $65

Write for free "Camelot Contest" based on the text of this book.
Win 2 nights for 2 people at the Algonquin Hotel in New York City.

RIZZOLI INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Sales Department NR / 597 Fifth Avenue / New York, New York 10017

TOLL FREE PHONE NUMBER FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS:
1-800-433-1238 (IN NEW YORK CALL (212) 223-0100)
ASK FOR EXT. 79 AND REFER TO *DEPT. NR*

Enclosed is my payment in the amount of $_____ for _____ copies of *NEW YORK: CULTURE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD 1940–1965* ($65.00 each) plus $2.50 for shipping (regardless of quantity).

My method of payment is: ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER
CREDIT CARD: ☐ AMEX ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA

SIGNATURE _____
CARD # _____
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE ____ ZIP CODE _____
ALLOW TWO WEEKS FOR DELIVERY (New York State residents add sales tax)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the undersecretary level, and that for every complaint the United States makes about Japan—for example, about its import-averse distribution system—the Japanese will raise questions about America's economic structure, including the budget deficit. He thinks the talks will produce finger-pointing or deadlock, not reform. One other device is for the United States to get others to help pressure Japan. Baker proposed a "pan-Pacific mechanism"—an organization of Pacific Rim nations—that would discuss economic and environmental issues. Baker aides hope that other Asian nations, just as disturbed as the United States is about Japan's failure to import, will help produce change.

But this is only half the strategy America needs. The other half—by far the more important half—is to make America competitive again. What this takes, in general, is well appreciated: a much better education system, a lower budget deficit, more civilian research and development spending, better products at cheaper cost, an increased U.S. savings rate, more investment by U.S. companies for long-term profit-making. The problem is that the Bush administration has not begun to develop adequate policies to bring America back. Its education policy is pitiful, its budget plans are fiction, it refuses to consider consumption taxes or any taxes, and its only device for stimulating production is a capital gains reduction that's economic fool's gold, socially regressive, and politically moribund. Bush has yet to criticize any industry for raising prices and profits instead of trying to compete abroad. Indeed, he has promised the steel industry that he will continue protecting it from foreign competition. Bush needs more than a Japan strategy. He needs an America strategy.

But strike down a crèche.

IGNORE A MENORAH

By Stephen Bates

Christianity borrowed the concept of a winter solstice holiday from the pagans and, as Appeals Court Judge Richard Posner once wrote, "some would say that the pagans have had their revenge." They struck again on July 3, when the Supreme Court tried to balance the nation's indisputable religious heritage against its equally indisputable religious diversity. All nine justices agree that lines must be drawn. Even the conservatives would forbid a large, permanent cross over a government building; even the liberals would uphold "In God We Trust" on the currency. But on the matter of where and how to draw the lines, they disagree vigorously.

The disagreements in *Allegheny County* v. *American Civil Liberties Union* are so vigorous that it takes some doing just to untangle the opinions. The Court ruled that a Pittsburgh crèche display violated the Constitution, but that a menorah down the street didn't. This split decision was favored by only two justices; three disapproved of both displays, and four thought both were fine. To complicate things further, although a five-justice majority agreed on what was wrong with the crèche, no majority could agree on what was right about the menorah. Consequently, Justice Blackmun's opinion for the Court reads like stage directions: Blackmun, O'Connor, and Stevens enter, Brennan and Marshall join them, and, after various comings and goings, Blackmun stands alone at final curtain.

The four justices who wanted to uphold both displays signed a sharply worded separate opinion that has some church-state lawyers fretting. Justice Kennedy, joined by Rehnquist, White, and Scalia, argues that nearly any "passive and symbolic" acknowledgment of religion ought to be constitutional under the First Amendment's prohibition of religious establishments. "We now have four justices, including three of the youngest ones, who will let the state promote religion through an explicitly Christian symbol," says Oliver S. Thomas, general counsel of the Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs. "With another appointment, we may see some radical reconstructive surgery on the establishment clause." On that count the Kennedy opinion minces no words: "Substantial revision of our Establishment Clause doctrine may be in order, but it is unnecessary to undertake the task today. . . ."

The task that the Court did undertake was a return to familiar ground. In an earlier case, *Lynch* v. *Donnelly* in 1984, a five-justice majority ruled that a Pawtucket crèche was constitutional. The crèche was located in a city park, and it was surrounded by secular symbols: a Santa Claus and reindeer as well as such less traditional holiday figures as a robot, a dancing elephant, and a talking wishing well. The *Lynch* Court's emphasis on these figures, some lawyers said, amounted to a "St. Nicholas-too" test for judging Nativity scenes.

When a lawyer used that phrase at the *Allegheny* oral argument, Justice Stevens chided that a doctrine may be valid despite a silly label. The *Allegheny* holding partly reaffirms the test. "Whatever a 'talking' wishing well may be," Justice Blackmun writes, "it obviously was a center of attention separate from the crèche" in Pawtucket. The Pittsburgh crèche, in contrast, stood alone; it dominated the main staircase inside the county courthouse; and it was capped by an angel holding a banner that read, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo." The Pittsburgh menorah, which the justices upheld, stood outside a government building, next to a Christmas tree and a mayoral proclamation about liberty. Justice Blackmun's opinion includes a lengthy explanation of Hanukkah (not every day does a Supreme Court opinion feature the words *mitzvot*, *hanukkiyah*, *shamash*, *gelt*, and *dreidel*) and a terser explanation of Christmas ("Christians cele-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brate the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, whom they believe to be the Messiah"). But planners of future holiday displays needn't worry about the Court's reasoning. They need only try to mimic the *Lynch* crèche and the *Allegheny* menorah: outdoors, without gratuitous religious banners, and surrounded by secular displays.

Which is lucky for them, because the Court's reasoning on the subject is murky. At one point in *Allegheny*, Blackmun argues that the Christmas tree secularizes the menorah. No, Brennan replies, the menorah desecularizes the tree. Even in their less metaphysical discussions of the crèche, the justices lack a reliable framework for analyzing what is, at its core, government speech on religious topics—official acknowledgments of religion.

Since 1971 the Court has relied on the *Lemon* test (named after *Lemon* v. *Kurtzman*) for the acknowledgment cases. *Lemon* strikes down a government action if it rests on a religious purpose, or exerts religious effects, or unduly entangles church and state. It's safe to say that government decision-makers usually have religion in mind when they erect holiday displays, and the displays usually exert some religious effects, so in theory *Lemon* ought to prohibit them. That's how Justices Brennan, Marshall, and Stevens would approach the issue. But not the majority. To uphold the *Lynch* crèche, they watered down the *Lemon* test and recognized that perhaps the display "advances religion in a sense." Neither *Lynch* nor *Allegheny* explains where the new lines lie.

The Court once veered off to create what looked like a special test for religious acknowledgments. In *Marsh* v. *Chambers* in 1983, the Court upheld state-paid legislative chaplains by ignoring the *Lemon* inquiries and looking to history: the congressional authors of the First Amendment had appointed a legislative chaplain, and so, the justices concluded, the First Amendment must permit the practice. Since then the Court has used legislative prayers as a point of comparison, but it hasn't revived the *Marsh* method or come up with another alternative for weighing acknowledgments.

In two cases, appeals court judges have looked askance at official government seals with religious references. One court ordered a New Mexico county to stop using a seal with a cross and a Spanish motto that translated as "With This We Conquer." A citizen seeing the seal on a police car, the court ruled, "could reasonably assume that the officers were Christian police." In the other case, the court held that citizens could sue to ban use of a city seal that included a religious word, even though all parties agreed that the word was completely illegible. When the plaintiffs "see the smudge on the seal," the court ruled, "they know that the smudge is the word 'Christianity.' . . ."

Rulings like that have some people fired up over "In God We Trust," the motto that first appeared on American currency in 1864 (the original 1787 legend was the more prosaic "Mind Your Business"). For the past year professional atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair has repeatedly announced plans to file suit over the "religious graffiti." The threat has the religious right agitated. In one mailing, the National Legal Foundation boasts about having "discovered the atheists' plans" for provoking "A NATIONAL TRAGEDY"; to remind readers just what's at stake, a penny is enclosed. Despite its fundraising potential, though, the case has scarcely any legal importance. Several lower courts have already upheld "In God We Trust." Indeed, O'Hair was the plaintiff in one of the cases. So far the Supreme Court has refused to hear them.

Even if O'Hair got the justices to hear her case, she would face a hostile audience. Justice Brennan has indicated that he would probably uphold the motto as a form of "ceremonial deism," insulated from the establishment clause by having "lost through rote repetition any significant religious content." Justice O'Connor would also uphold acknowledgments that have "largely lost their religious significance over time." In all likelihood, the result would be unanimous.

And yet that approach exacts a high price in forcing litigants to deny the religious nature of a plainly religious acknowledgment. The problem extends beyond "In God We Trust." Hungry for victory, litigants have asserted that crosses and crèches were intended to boost downtown shopping and tourism, and that a "Motorist's Prayer" on a road map was meant to encourage safe driving. At oral argument in *Allegheny*, a lawyer depicted the Pittsburgh menorah as an instructional tool for teaching Christian citizens about Judaism. Supporters of crèches and other symbols believe they are fighting the forcible secularization of society and the creation of, in Richard John Neuhaus's phrase, a naked public square; but current legal doctrine requires them to fudge on the religiousness of their symbols in order to enter the square. "The courts are basically saying, you can pray as long as you don't mean it," says Sam Ericsson, executive director of the Christian Legal Society.

That's a shame. Crèches, the currency motto, and similar practices deserve to be analyzed differently from other church-state issues. Official acknowledgments of religion have been with us since the nation's founding, and they haven't yet moved us very far toward religious establishment. Bending the *Lemon* test in order to let them through, as the Court has seemingly done, may shift outcomes elsewhere, such as in cases where government directly aids religious institutions. There, at least a conceivable establishment danger *does* exist.

A different approach would better serve religion and the law. It would recognize the religious nature of the national motto and other acknowledgments, and give them safe passage through the establishment clause. It would, as one appellate judge wrote, treat them as " 'grandfathered' exceptions" that occupy "their own small, unexpandable niche." This approach might strike down splashily extravagant displays, like the Pittsburgh crèche (which went too far even for Sam Ericsson), but it would permit many others. And, most important, it would let religion be religion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beyond that minor change, perhaps no significant improvement is possible in this sphere. The sharpest lines—Justice Brennan's almost-never rule and Justice Kennedy's almost-anytime rule—aren't the wisest ones for a society that has an important religious tradition *and* a religiously diverse and sensitive population. In that diverse population, abstractions such as "endorsement" (Justice O'Connor's favorite analysis) are likely to produce widely divergent meanings.

Instead of defining a clear line or a rigorous principle, the Court seems to be embarking on a sort of common-law approach to the problem, developing new rules through the accretion of fact patterns and ad hoc holdings. The outcome in *Allegheny* left a small minority of justices happy, a majority with mixed feelings, and no one completely dissatisfied. We can hope that the Court's guidelines about religion in the public square, as they gradually evolve, receive as favorable a response from society at large.

STEPHEN BATES is writing a book about religion and public education for the Twentieth Century Fund.

Real change at last in South Africa.

FALLING APARTHEID

By Mark R. Hoffenberg

General elections in South Africa have never been momentous affairs. Since 1948 the party that introduced apartheid and then promised a slow retreat from the most blatant forms of discrimination has attracted enough white support to ensure a lock on state power. Despite projections of gains for both the Conservative Party and the newly united liberal Democratic Party in the September 6 elections, most whites will again cast ballots for the National Party, which they associate with prosperity and security.

But South Africa has changed since the first clumsy efforts at reform brought on the mass uprising and subsequent crackdown of the mid-'80s. Under new leadership, the National Party appears poised to pursue reforms that could broaden the political base even to the point where the white minority relinquishes overall control. To be sure, the program will be carefully designed to keep white interests insulated from black political empowerment. But it is to be formulated through multiracial negotiations, and once they begin, the government will not be able to control them unilaterally. So for the first time many opposition groups, including the African National Congress, are openly debating the negotiation option.

Under P. W. Botha, the government combined military action with incremental social and economic reform designed to co-opt middle-class blacks. In the first years of his rule, Botha legalized black trade unions, upgraded the living conditions of urban blacks, and eliminated many of the racially discriminatory laws of "petty apartheid." In 1983 he accommodated South Africa's mixed-race and Indian minorities by granting them their own segregated houses of parliament, but he excluded the black majority, thereby provoking a two-year uprising in the black townships.

After a Cabinet rift in early 1986 over whether to respond to the unrest with further reforms or a crackdown, Botha sided with the "securocrats." He declared a national state of emergency and embarked on a harsh three-year campaign of detentions, bannings, and other restrictions. With greatly increased executive power and a narrow focus on counterinsurgency, Botha displayed little regard for the opinions of his own party. Even some of the securocrats appeared worried. Last year the second in command of the State Security Council told me, "The reform process must succeed, otherwise we'll all go up in flames." In the wake of Botha's stroke last January, the distance between his position and that of the mainstream of the National Party became evident. When he unexpectedly resigned as party leader (though not as president), and the party caucus elected F. W. de Klerk as his replacement, securocratic Defense Minister Magnus Malan failed to garner even a nomination, and the reformist finance minister, Barend du Plessis, finished only eight votes behind de Klerk.

De Klerk, whose election as president in September should be a formality, is known as a conservative, particularly on the issue of "group rights" (racially segregated control over housing, education, and health care). But he has established a reputation as a reasonable and accessible pragmatist—perhaps too reasonable; as one analyst has put it, he has elevated "being non-committal to a fine art." At age 52, de Klerk will be the first leader not to have participated in the pro-Nazi Afrikaner politics of the 1940s, and he shares little of Botha's concern for Afrikaner nationalism. He is also no great friend of the security establishment.

De Klerk wasted little time following the reformist mandate of his party. He called for "real negotiations" with as yet unnamed "credible" leaders of black South Africans, and arranged to meet with British prime minister Margaret Thatcher, Secretary of State James Baker, and West German chancellor Helmut Kohl to discuss his plans. The Nationalist Party has issued a campaign manifesto detailing ways to bring in blacks at all levels of government (while not relinquishing group control over their "own affairs") and promising constitutional negotiations within five years. In July, anxious not to be outshone by his successor, P. W. Botha met with black nationalist leader Nelson Mandela at his official residence—an important statement that seems to indi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cate a new willingness to deal with the ANC.

Although the three-year-old national state of emergency has been extended another year, it is being relatively lightly enforced and is no longer regarded as the centerpiece of government policy. Few political activists remain in detention, and organized community struggles by black squatters, inner-city tenants, and trade unions have re-emerged. At the funeral of slain civil rights activist David Webster, police did not interfere with the march of 10,000 mourners in the center of Johannesburg, even though the flag of the banned African National Congress and pamphlets of the South African Communist Party were openly displayed. When de Klerk takes over as president, he may well agree to Mandela's release from prison, an end to the state of emergency, and other concessions as part of an effort to negotiate from a position of strength with popular black leaders. Now that the government feels more firmly in control of the country, many believe this is the time to push forward with substantial changes, and to dismantle apartheid in a manner that is acceptable to their interests.

What's more, South Africa's growing trade imbalance and its foreign debt crisis have made it increasingly sensitive to Western economic and political pressures. At the same time the Soviet Union, which is on better terms with Pretoria, has called for a negotiated settlement. And a successful political transition to majority rule in Namibia will greatly strengthen the hand of those favoring political over military solutions in South Africa. Pretoria has long used Namibia as South Africa's constitutional testing ground.

The National Party's ultimate goal in substantive negotiations would be a multiracial state designed to protect the interests of the white minority. Thus, any future mass-based government would likely be one of limited powers, unable to effect large-scale redistributions of wealth and land, extensive affirmative action programs, or significant racial integration. Nationalizing industries, appropriating land, or infringing on a group's "right" to its own segregated institutions would be illegal. Pretoria has already carried out a large-scale program of privatization and deregulation, transferring many parts of the economy from state to private hands in anticipation of future black rule.

Also anticipated are more direct checks on black power. The reformers' five-year plan envisages a system of "concurrent majorities" at various levels of government, so that each racial group, regardless of size, can veto legislation. Reformers also want to decentralize government; if local and regional governments have power over taxation and social policy, and a large degree of residential segregation continues, it will be hard for blacks to bring sweeping change.

After the September elections the reform efforts will likely accelerate, not because of any magnanimity on the government's part, but because of a desire to limit the social and economic changes accompanying the inevitable broadening of political participation. Still, the government will not be able to completely control the negotiations, and it certainly will have to go well beyond the current five-year plan at any bargaining table.

It will be up to the architects of the postapartheid state, black or white, to balance the objectives of economic growth and political stability with the desire for fundamental change. White reformist principles of limited and decentralized government could well contribute to a robust economy. But stability will only be possible if those who govern are recognized by the majority of South Africans as legitimate leaders. It may not be possible, as the saying goes, "to replace Botha with [ANC president Oliver] Tambo and place a chicken in every pot." But it will take a Tambo to convince the majority of South Africans that their interests are being served.

MARK R. HOFFENBERG, a South African-American, is a recent graduate of Harvard University.

Reverse discrimination isn't dead.

PERMAFFIRM ACTION

By Abigail Thernstrom

At Pennsylvania State University black students are paid for maintaining halfway decent grades. In the Gannett newspaper chain, managers who hire minorities get bonuses. Affirmative action has become so institutionalized that it almost doesn't matter what the Supreme Court does.

Not that the Supreme Court has done much. In four recent decisions, it has retreated a bit. The Court remains firmly committed to providing remedies for discrimination. But it wants minority set-asides narrowly designed to address proven past discrimination; it doesn't like racial quotas; it doesn't believe a statistical imbalance between whites and blacks in a particular job category proves discrimination; and it prefers not to read statutes as imaginatively as civil rights lawyers might like. The Court wants plaintiffs who charge discrimination to prove it. And it believes that white workers who have been adversely affected by a court-approved affirmative action plan can attack that judicial settlement.

Has the Court displayed what the *New York Times* has called "icy indifference . . . to the hopes of discrimination victims"? Do these decisions amount to total civil rights retreat, as the NAACP Legal Defense Fund has charged? Of course not. We're not back to 1877, or even to 1960, as Harvard Law School professor Derrick Bell and other black spokesmen suggest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congress can, of course, overturn the Court's interpretation of the civil rights statutes (although not the 14th Amendment), and civil rights advocates are hoping it will do so. Members of Congress can't be eager for the job. On affirmative action they have always been content to let the judiciary take the flak. They know what civil rights groups are reluctant to admit: affirmative action is not popular.

If Congress does not act, is that the end of affirmative action? Many "voluntary" affirmative action programs are actually pre-emptive strikes against feared future lawsuits. But even though such lawsuits are now more difficult, affirmative action is unlikely to melt away, for two reasons. One, employers have no taste for litigation. The risk may be smaller, but it still exists. Better safe than sorry, businesses will continue to believe. Two, much affirmative action is purely voluntary. Uncoerced. Or if coerced, only by political pressures.

Many local governments fought to save their set-aside programs after the Court struck down the one in Richmond, Virginia. Durham County, North Carolina, is a good example. Richmond had set aside 30 percent of its construction contracts for minority firms without bothering to produce evidence of past discrimination. After the Richmond ruling, Durham County started to create the proper record. It paid $62,000 to a minority organization to look for discrimination. In other words, it spent taxpayers' money to assert the racism of its own citizens.

The law requires affirmative action only from firms doing substantial business with the federal government and those found guilty of discrimination. But many companies do much more than the law demands. These efforts vary in quality. Some should be applauded; others are of dubious value. Corning Glass Works links the promotions of white male executives to the help they give to women and minorities. And at Gannett reporters are required to seek comments from minorities when writing stories.

The American Bar Association has persuaded several Fortune 500 companies to send more work to minority lawyers. Inspired by the ABA program, a large white-dominated law firm in Seattle has formed an alliance with a small black firm in order to give black attorneys an opportunity to compete for big clients. Most large companies have internal affirmative action programs aimed at increasing minorities at every level. Some retain specialized headhunters to find minority candidates. Many have elaborate internal monitoring processes. At McDonald's, minorities are actively recruited as potential franchise owners. IBM has pressured local banks to give its black workers mortgages. General Motors, in an agreement with the NAACP, has pledged $500,000 to five law schools to support minority students. Ford and Chrysler have signed similar contracts.

White males get racial sensitivity training at many firms. Corning runs consciousness-raising workshops. Avon Products has put on a Hispanic American week, decorating its walls with Hispanic art, giving lunchtime salsa lessons, and awarding a prize to the first employee to say "*hola*" to a Hispanic network member.

Universities have no legal obligation to create affirmative action admissions programs unless they have been successfully sued for past discrimination. Yet almost all have adopted affirmative action programs, some of which go well beyond admissions preference. At Penn State, a black student who maintains a grade average of C to C+ gets $550; for anything better the prize is $1,100. At the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, minorities are guaranteed full financial support regardless of need. With Mellon Foundation help, 19 colleges and universities are starting programs to entice minority undergraduates to enter certain Ph.D. fields. The benefits of participation include $10,000 to pay back college loans.

Every school is on the lookout for more minority faculty. In California, state law requires 30 percent of all new faculty members in the community colleges to be minorities. The University of Wisconsin is aiming for 70 new minority faculty members within the next three years. Duke University has promised to add one minority to every department by 1993. The political science department at UCLA has advertised specifically for minorities and women; no white males need apply. That's illegal, of course, but who will complain?

Law reviews are at the cutting edge of contemporary affirmative action policy. Again, these are all voluntary programs. The *Columbia Law Review* has adopted a diversity program that makes the top 40 percent of the class eligible for a place on the *Review*. The editors will be seeking not only members of minority groups and women, but gays, the handicapped, and the economically disadvantaged.

Smith College may take the prize for all-out commitment. It hopes for a 20 percent minority staff by 1996. Its goal is to have by 2004 a faculty that is at least 20 percent minority. By September 1995 it wants the number of minority students in the first-year class (excluding those from abroad) to reflect at minimum their representation in the national pool of college-bound high school graduates of their age. By 1998-99 it expects the minority representation in the entire undergraduate student body to reflect the numbers in the national population of high school graduates entering college. These are extraordinary expectations. In many fields, there are few or no black Ph.D.s awarded in any given year. Today only 16 percent of blacks at age 17 read at the college level, compared with 45 percent of whites. The pools from which Smith will be drawing both faculty and students—in competition with other schools—will thus be very small.

In addition, new faculty at Smith will be required to attend workshops on ethnically sensitive teaching. Smith explains that it aims to create "a more inclusive and culturally diverse campus community" and to overcome "the subtle racism of the 1980s." Racism is ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pressed when minority-group numbers are small. "Research indicates," the college argues, that when minority groups are underrepresented, whites engage in stereotyping and often mistakenly conclude that affirmative action means lower standards. But Smith expects such notions to disappear when the college includes more minorities.

Smith's logic may be shaky, but its moral fervor is clear. Smith, other universities, and big business are going to great lengths to say to minorities, we're on your side. There isn't much evidence that minorities believe it. Blacks, joined by white liberals, have been particularly vocal in insisting that American society remains racist, and that much more needs to be done. They draw a grim picture of continuing white oppression and black suffering.

There's a puzzle here. The facts point to extraordinary black progress and ongoing white commitment to further advancement. Yet blacks and white liberals argue that things are worse, not better. Why are their perceptions so at odds with reality?

Blacks and white liberals may think that white America treats blacks as "expendable" (Derrick Bell's word); white firefighters who challenge affirmative action consent decrees see the situation quite differently. In fact, there is mounting anecdotal evidence of increasing white resentment over affirmative action. White employees at the Gannett newspapers are reported to have been grumbling that merit has given way to race in staffing decisions. The president of the University of Michigan has said parents and alumni are concerned about "whether affirmative action is driving out their sons and daughters, or driving up tuition, or lowering standards." At Penn State many white students have criticized the "special treatment" that black students get.

Some blacks and members of other minority groups are beginning to respond to the white backlash in new ways. The editor of the *Milwaukee Courier*, a black newspaper, has urged black students to shun the University of Wisconsin and go back to black colleges in order to avoid the stigma of affirmative action. Other minorities are refusing to apply for "Jim Crow" fellowships at universities or jobs with an affirmative action tag.

It's an odd and disturbing mix: a judiciary in which blacks and white liberals are losing faith as a consequence of modest changes in affirmation action doctrine; affirmative action efforts so institutionalized that court decisions will have the most marginal effect; a conviction on the part of blacks that nothing important was being done anyway; and growing white resentment. It's a poor atmosphere in which to tackle the real problems—the underclass problems of drugs, violence, teenage pregnancies, and the like—that affirmative action programs don't begin to touch.

In 1968 the Kerner Commission warned that white America must *do* something, lest the society become two nations—separate and unequal. White America did do a great deal. The consequence, however, may be a society more divided than ever.

ABIGAIL THERNSTROM is the author of *Whose Votes Count* (Twentieth Century Fund Study), a book on the Voting Rights Act.

The Franco-American shared revolution.

LET THEM EAT HOT DOGS

By Henry Fairlie

Marie-Joseph-Paul-Yves-Roche-Gilbert du Motier, the Marquis de Lafayette, entrusted to Tom Paine the mission of carrying to America the heavy black key of the Bastille that now hangs at Mount Vernon. Stopping in London on the way, Paine showed the trophy to the American artist Benjamin West, who although court painter to George III, was a strong republican, and had caught the new infection of Romanticism. His imagination was so fired by the thought of the moment when the grim emblem of tyranny in the Old World would be placed in the hands of the great liberator of the New World that he drew a sketch of it. But he would have been disappointed. Washington seems to have accepted the key as little more than a souvenir.

Not only Lafayette but other officers of the French nobility, as well as an entire French army and the French navy, had fought for the Americans in the War of Independence. There were three times as many French as American troops at Yorktown, and nothing is more impressive in John Trumbull's painting *The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis* than the line of senior French officers who were there with Washington. Yet only 11 years later, in 1792, when republican France was threatened by the great monarchies of Europe, Washington sent not one soldier to assist them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some American officers did offer their services, including the disgruntled revolutionary hero Gen. George Rogers Clark, who was commissioned a brigadier general in the French Revolutionary Army to conquer the Spanish provinces of Louisiana and Mexico for France; and a Col. William Tate, who led a bunch of drunken ruffian troops in a landing on the Welsh coast, and was promptly jailed by the Welsh. But it was 125 years before the chief disbursing officer of an American Expeditionary Force could stand before Lafayette's tomb in Paris on July 4 and say, "Lafayette, we are here," a phrase he repeated ten days later on Bastille Day.

Washington was determined to keep America out of the revolutionary wars in Europe, believing that the young republic could not afford such entanglements. He also knew that after the War of Independence, American commerce was again primarily with Britain, and that British naval power controlled the Atlantic sea lanes. At home he had to hold together a Cabinet that was riven by dissension, and neutrality was about all it could agree upon. Although he had been mildly cheered by the outbreak of France's revolution, he was revolted by its excesses, including the guillotining of his comrade-in-arms, d'Estaing, the imprisonment of Rochambeau, and the forced flight of Lafayette, whose wife lost most of her family to the guillotine.

But many have so emphasized the divergence between the two revolutions that the initial debt of the American to French influences, and of the French to the American example, have been slighted. These were obvious to people in both countries at the time. It was just as important that Lafayette could write to his wife from America, "And now, as the wife of an American officer," as that in Paris in 1778, Franklin greeted the American-French Treaty of Alliance by taking the aged Voltaire in his arms, or that he brought forward his grandson to receive Voltaire's blessing, and the dying sage pronounced over the boy's head the enigmatic benediction, "God, Liberty."

In Paris in 1790, when Mirabeau brought the news of Franklin's death to the National Assembly, "a shiver ran through the audience," and his and other eulogies were unrestrained. The same assembly even elected Washington, Paine, Hamilton, and Madison to be honorary citizens of France. Only a month after the Fall of the Bastille, the revolutionary leaders invited Jefferson, then ambassador to France, to join a committee drafting a French constitution. He prudently declined, but was available to them in other ways. Lafayette asked him if the leaders could meet in his house, since their own residences were under police surveillance, and Jefferson complied. He even drew up a Proposition for a Charter Describing the Rights of the Sovereign and the Rights of the People (although it was shown only to a few), and when Lafayette completed the Declaration of the Rights of Man, he asked Jefferson to review it first. More popularly, Franklin's famous observation about the American Revolution, "*Ah! ah! ça ira, ça ira!*" was taken into the French patriotic song of the Revolution, "*Ah! ça ira, ça ira, / Les aristocrates à la lanterne.*" The tripping tune was that of the "Carillon National", which Marie Antoinette was known to be forever strumming on her harpsichord!

Why it was thought necessary to slice off her empty head is, symbolically, the still debated puzzle of the French Revolution. Even Tom Paine, who had by then been elected by a French department to the National Convention, argued passionately that she and Louis XVI should only be exiled to America, meeting Marat's implacable desire for vengeance with a plea for compassion. No other single act so represented the evil of the Terror. After all, when John Adams, the first American ambassador to Britain, was presented at the British court, his conversation with George III was cordial, and Abigail was merely piqued that she had waited four hours for a gracious smile from him, "hardly a mighty boon," and was content to record of his queen that she was "neither well-shaped nor handsome." That was the way to conclude a revolution.

Nevertheless, the two uprisings came out of exactly the same time, in response to some of the same impulses. Much is made of the notion that the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights spoke only to particular and local abuses, whereas the Declaration of the Rights of Man sought to give them a universal application. In fact, as Bernard Faÿ wrote in 1927 in *The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America*, although the de facto liberty enjoyed by the English colonists was a product of circumstances:

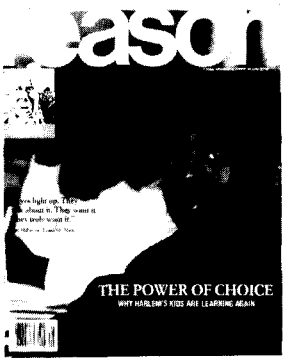
> Jefferson elevated this liberty; he changed the sense of it, made it a product of reason, and the will of men. He presented it to the world as an absolute and universal truth, as obligatory and eternal as the truths of religion. [The Declaration of Independence] transfers new and bold ideas from the domain of speculation to the realm of the practical and the sentimental.

That was how America repaid Louis XVI for sending his army and his navy: by exporting the example that would cost him his throne and his head.

Too much of the retelling of the American-French connection stresses the national differences. But although the revolutions did call forth a new spirit of nationalism, they occurred when the cosmopolitan broad-mindedness of the old aristocracies was still strong. To them, nationalism was almost as irrelevant and tedious as marital fidelity. Most of the great empires of Europe were hardly "nations" as we would recognize them, and it was within this cosmopolitan community that the interchange of Enlightenment intellectuals took place, not least between France and America.

What is more, following Europe's great age of exploration, it was a time of thrusting commerce, industrial expansion, and boundless speculation. Dazzling fortunes were made, lost, and recouped from India to the West Indies, by men on whom the ties of nationality sat

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

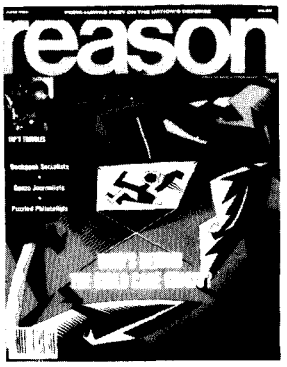


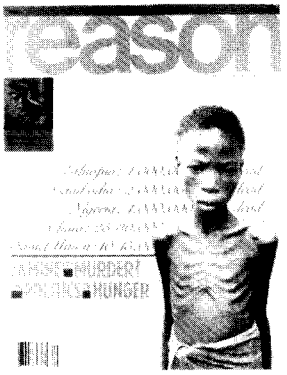
"A snappy libertarian magazine.... Covers culture as well as politics in an enjoyably breezy style.... At its best when championing the little guys who buck the system, such as Pittsburgh's pirate taxi drivers or East Berlin's rock fans."
—Utne Reader

"The libertarian alternative to The Nation, National Review, and The New Republic."
—Los Angeles Times

"A roomy circus tent of sometimes fractious views about the limits that ought to be placed on government and the meaning of the social contract."
—Washington Post

"A different slant on things, so different it makes the world anew....Reason's writers are thinking, thinking, thinking."
—New Options





reason

BRIGHT IDEAS BEFORE THEY'RE NEWS

☐ Yes! Begin my *Reason* subscription right away! I've enclosed $15.95 for 11 issues.

☐ Bill me later.

(Outside the U.S. send $23 for surface delivery, $40 for Airmail delivery for 11 issues of *Reason*—U.S. funds drawn on a U.S. bank *only*, please)

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

_____

reason
PO Box 3724
Escondido, CA 92025

T9NEWR

(please allow 6-8 weeks for arrival of your first copy)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very loosely. One was Robert Morris, whose shipping and banking interests, built largely on the West Indies trade, enabled him to be one of the chief importers of arms and munitions for Washington's armies. He financed the Yorktown campaign by himself, and his financial agent in Paris during the French Revolution was the ever scheming Gouverneur Morris (no relation). Robert Morris spoke only for his class when he said: "A merchant as such can be attached to no particular country. His mere place of residence is, as a merchant, purely accidental." As Roger G. Kennedy writes in *Orders from France*, the merchant bankers who were rising to ascendancy—the Barings, Rothschilds, and Warburgs—"were identified with families more than cities, cities more than countries."

This free-booting freemasonry of spirit was not uncommon even among the soldiers. Was John Paul Jones a patriot or a pirate? The question was almost meaningless in an age in which it was often hard to tell one from the other. He had no difficulty serving Catherine II as rear admiral (his own condition of employment), and he successfully commanded the Russian navy against the Turks in the Black Sea. When he died, Catherine wrote ungratefully that he was "a rotter who deserved to be honored by a gang of rotters," meaning the French revolutionaries among whom he drew his last breath and who alone publicly mourned him. Only in 1913 were his remains unearthed and brought to Annapolis to be enshrined in its crypt: an American hero at last.

If the two revolutions are seen only as collective movements, whether of nations or classes, we ignore the fact that the individual was being redefined, as never since the artists and condottieri of the Renaissance. The condottieri may have been mercenaries, but like the merchants of the revolutionary period they were also splendid (if not wholly admirable) representatives of a new individualism, and its release of energy. Moreover, if in the Age of Revolution there were fortunes to be made in the almost piratical sugar and slave trades in the West Indies, and in the new arms trade that supplied the American and French revolutionary wars, there were also fortunes in reputation to be made as intellectuals (no one would accuse the philosophes of modesty), or as actors on the suddenly "wide screen" of the world.

It is only against this zesty international background that we can grasp why Lexington and the Fall of the Bastille will always be associated, and we must people this Age of Revolution with a cast of unlikely characters—as they must seem to our own dispirited fin de siècle. Thomas Carlyle's history of the French Revolution may not be the most reliable account, but it throbs with the passions, idealisms, ambitions, rapacious greed, and even poetic sensibilities of the men and women who acted in an unprecedented few decades of turmoil. It is one reason so many of Carlyle's phrases are still illuminating: "A whiff of grapeshot . . . . The gospel according to Jean Jacques. . . . The sea-green Incorruptible [Robespierre]. . . . The Aristocracy of the Moneybag."

When so much was at stake, ideologically, politically, or financially, the personal vendettas in the French Revolution had their less frightful but exact reflection in America in the bitter conflicts between the Federalists and Republican Democrats. As two parties began to form in the new republic, the factious spirit of men such as Hamilton and Jefferson found its sharpest focus in disagreement over the course of the French Revolution. When Washington upheld Jay's Treaty with Britain, thus finally breaking the 1778 Treaty with France, the protests of the Jeffersonians (called Jacobins by their opponents) were virulent, and the bitterness was one of the factors leading to Hamilton's fatal duel with Burr. We must not forget that the guillotining of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette was widely cheered by the American people, however much Washington and others were appalled.

Political ideas and a revolutionary example were not all that France took from America. By the time of the American Revolution, they had formed an enchanting picture of "hundred times happy" America, as it was called by Brissot de Warville, who played an important part in the American-French connection. He visited America in 1788 as leader of the Friends of Negroes (an early abolitionist group), but also, characteristically of the time, on a scouting expedition for French real estate speculators. He returned home to write three volumes of enthusiastic description of the country, and to found the Gallo-American Society. For his part in inspiring the French Revolution, and even fomenting its violence by his diatribes against monarchs, he was rewarded by guillotining when the Jacobins overthrew his own Girondists.

The French built their idyllic picture of America partly on the example of the Quakers. The great Abbé Raynal found in Pennsylvania the proof that "the righteous man, the free man, needs only equals to be happy," not a prince or a lord, and Voltaire exclaimed of the Pennsylvania Quakers, "These primitive beings are of all men the most worthy of respect." But Guillard de Beaurieu also apostrophized the Virginians: "You are as Nature would have us all." In the age of Rousseau, the French found the "noble savage" not only in the American Indian, but in the English and other colonists who had claimed their independence. What virtue was impossible in this Eden? The Abbé Robin, chaplain with Rochambeau's army in America, wrote in 1782 that American mothers put their virgin daughters to bed with transient guests to keep them warm, "and nothing immodest ever happens."

But ideas are carried by commerce as well as on their own wings, and this is the importance of the restless traffic of the merchants and land speculators. In *Orders from France*, Kennedy carefully traces the American-French connection, starting from the superb edifices they built, not least in America. He opens with a description of the lovely mansion that is today the resi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dence of the commanding general of the U.S. Tenth Mountain Division at Camp Drum, New York. It was built in the middle of the century by the family of Jacques Leray, a slave-trader of Nantes who had already acquired the Château de Chaumont in the valley of the Loire. (In France, René Leray leased a guest cottage—rent-free—to Franklin in 1770, and a house to John Paul Jones, whom he supplied with ships, provisions, and French crews.)

The family entered the risky business of land speculation in the wide open spaces of America with such spirit that by 1808 they owned some 400,000 acres in northwest New York, and this immense new seigneury centered on the mansion at Leraysville, now "gleaming white" with "freshly mowed lawns and giant trees." On their lands, "towns were laid out, iron was smelted, and sheep were raised," and they extended their business relationships to American bankers such as David Parish, Stephen Girard, and Nicholas Biddle, the last two newly established in Philadelphia.

The American-French connection was reinforced by the arrival of so many French officers during the War of Independence. Some of them stayed—Major General L'Enfant to build, Girard to bank, and Peter Stephen Du Ponceau, an interpreter on Steuben's staff, to practice law in Philadelphia. Then came the "flight capital," as we would call it, from France during its own revolution, with the successive waves of émigrés: first the monarchists and aristocrats, then the early moderate leaders fleeing from the Terror, and then the Jacobins fleeing from the revenge of the Directory after Robespierre's downfall. With a stupendous embrace the new republic took them all in, when at home they would in turn have cut off each other's heads.

The story is rich in detail, as told in Frances Sergeant Childs's *French Refugee Life in the United States, 1790-1800,* published in 1940. The Marquise de La Tour du Pin, a lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette, settled down as a farmer's wife between Troy and Schenectady, wearing a blue and black striped woolen skirt, a cotton blouse, and colored handkerchief, and doing her own cooking, the wash, and managing the slaves. The celebrated Duc De Rochefoucauld-Liancourt lodged in the house of a Philadelphia barber. Vicomte de Noailles, who had been a leading spirit in the abolition of privileges in 1789, and five of whose family members were guillotined, rented two furnished room in Philadelphia on the lower story of a dissenting minister's house.

The three Orleanist princes came, sons of Philippe Egalité (so called because despite his royal blood he supported the early revolution), among them the future King Louis Philippe, who entertained in his bedroom. Talleyrand came, and Chateaubriand, who observed that the Quakers' morals did not interfere with their keenness in a sharp bargain; 24 French priests arrived between 1791 and 1799, including a group of Sulpicians who founded St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore; Jean-Louis Lefebvre de Cherus, who stayed to become bishop of Boston; and Ambrose Marechal, who became bishop of Baltimore. One of the French officers who served in the War of Independence and returned to America was Anne Louis de Toussard, who joined the United States Army in 1795, and supervised the building of fortifications at West Point and Newport, Rhode Island. There is no need to trace the rapidity with which the du Ponts, after emigrating during the Terror, established themselves in Delaware, at first by manufacturing gunpowder.

The story of the Americans in France is as extraordinary in its way as that of the French in America. Even before the American Revolution, there were Americans in Paris, the best known of whom, Ben Franklin, "charmed the populace by his good nature, and by the simplicity of his brown clothes and his thick shoes," said a contemporary. He wore no wig, even at court, no doubt aware that his long white hair framed his face to better advantage. Claude Manceron calls him an "adorable old satyr," who at 75 was still pursuing the ladies. Franklin lived with republican frugality, avoiding the ostentation of Jefferson, who in 1789 took up residence in the town mansion of the Comte de Langeac on the Champs Elysées, where he was served by his slave Jim and grew corn from Cherokee County in the vegetable garden. The lover of freedom put his two daughters in a convent, from which the Marquise de Lafayette liberated them to vacation with her in the country.

From 1789 there was Gouverneur Morris. As Robert Morris's agent, and for his own gain, he sold land in the region of St. Lawrence, advanced the tobacco trade, and opened up new markets in the Caribbean. He also contacted financiers in London and Amsterdam to pay the next installment of the American debt to France from the War of Independence. On top of this, he acted as Washington's secret agent, reporting on Thomas Jefferson and other American representatives in Paris. He laid siege to Adelaide Comtesse de Flahaut, already Talleyrand's "official" mistress. Since Talleyrand had a club foot, and Morris a wooden leg, it occurred to her, Yves Bizardel writes in *The First Expatriates, Americans in Paris During the Revolution*, "that it might be amusing to add a second cripple to her conquests." When Morris visited her in her apartment in the Louvre, he occasionally crossed paths with Talleyrand carrying a warming pan to the bed he in turn would occupy.

We are a little crabbed in spirit to deny the intimate connections between the two revolutions. It is proper that good French and American historians have been at work, prompted by the two bicentennials, to reexamine the different courses of the revolutions. But we should not permit a timorous conservatism to deny that *together* America and France made the Age of Revolution which, for all its fearful atrocities in Europe, improved the lot that most men and women could expect in this world. •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Midsummer Roundup

Batman (Warner). Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* is in the news these days. Many have noted that Gotham City in *Batman*, designed by Anton Furst, has resemblances to Lang's city, designed by Otto Hunte, Erich Kettelhut, and Karl Vollbrecht. True enough, but there's an added factor. Lang, like other German directors of the 1920s, preferred to make films in studios, rather than on location, because he wanted the feeling of absolute control, of closure, that sets and interior lighting can give. In *Metropolis*, as in Murnau's medieval town in *Faust* or Pabst's Vienna in *The Joyless Street*, the sense of oppression, of claustrophobia, is conveyed as much by the sense of the director and designer hovering over each scene like demigods as by the designs.

This is replicated very well in *Batman*. It's relatively easy to convey the claustral in interior scenes, but Furst and the director Tim Burton do it even when the setting is a great flight of steps before the municipal building or the huge square where Batman and the Joker confront each other. It's even present in the final fight on a high cathedral tower. (These scenes, like most of the film, take place at night.)

Also part of this texture is the cinematography of Roger Pratt. (He, like Furst, is British; the film was made in a studio outside London.) Pratt's lighting brings the sets to dank, sullen life. Gotham becomes the most completely realized, insanely articulated synthetic city since the one in *Blade Runner*, designed by Lawrence G. Paull.

The only other interesting component of *Batman* is Jack Nicholson's richly overripe performance as the Joker, the hero's archenemy. Villains in stories like these are always more colorful than the heroes, and more humorous. Bruce Wayne/Batman is only a mechanism like one of his whiz-bang gadgets. The Joker gives us a vicarious chance to snap our fingers in the face of the juggernaut-hero of justice. Of course we want the justice, too, which is why such stories are successful—they soothe both of our frustrations.

Michael Keaton, as the hero, seems a repressed light comedian. At least Christopher Reeve was given a little comic stretch as Clark Kent in *Superman*; Bruce Wayne here is as stolid as his vigilante self. (Notably absent is his juvenile companion, Robin, a fixture of the comic strip and the 1966 film.) Kim Basinger's golden tresses float through the picture, along with Kim Basinger.

The Music Teacher (Orion Classics). Where is Belgium? Cinematically speaking, this is a perplexing question. Belgium is one of those European countries that have produced a few films that have surfaced in the outside world but nothing commensurate with their cultural resources. Why is there German film and, to put it figuratively, no Austrian film? Swedish film and no Norwegian? Even Holland, not exactly a fount of world-class film, has lately been making more of a stir than Belgium. The only two Belgian directors today who have any standing are Chantal Akerman and André Delvaux. (And there is the documentarist, Henri Storck.)

The name of Gérard Corbiau may be added to this list if ever he gets a satisfactory screenplay. He co-wrote the original story of *The Music Teacher* with another man and co-wrote the screenplay with four others, but the result of all this collaboration is very slim and almost silly.

The purpose was to create a vehicle, for Belgian TV, to star José van Dam, the well-known Belgian bass-baritone who was Leporello in Losey's *Don Giovanni*. The period is pre-First War. Van Dam plays a famous singer who retires suddenly, much to the pleasure of Patrick Bauchau, an enemy who is a very rich patron of the arts and a sponsor of young singers. (A touch of Diaghilev here.) At his country estate van Dam takes two young singers as students, Anne Roussel and Philippe Volter, trains them arduously through the usual cycles of enthusiasm and despair, then enters them in an annual singing contest run by Bauchau at the latter's chateau. This meandering, trite story leads to some nonsurprises.

The only touch of life in the film is in

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Dead Poets Society. *Robin Williams plays (fairly) straight as a prep school teacher who inspires his class with writings of the past and makes trouble for everybody. More likable than thrilling. (Reviewed 6/26/89)* **Do the Right Thing**. *A neighborly summer's day on a block in Bed-Stuy finishes in violence. Spike Lee's script pushes problems at us, in the film and in life; his directing is masterly. (7/3/89)* **Lawrence of Arabia**. *Among other things, it revitalizes the distinction between movie and film. It's a wonderful movie* and *a wonderful film. (2/20/89)* **Little Vera**. *A Soviet film that reveals a good deal more than Vera's (publicized) bosom. A touching and candid comedy-drama about current Soviet disaffections. (5/1/89)* —**SK**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the acting, particularly by the young couple, most particularly by Roussel, in whom Corbiau evokes some nuance, some subtleties of shyness, coquetry, fire. And Corbiau does keep the whole thing flowing smoothly. I hoped it all would amount to something, but it didn't. It's just a display piece for van Dam and acolytes, replete with musty musings about art and music.

Weekend at Bernie's (20th Century-Fox). Robert Klane, the author, and his director and producers (one of whom is Klane) ought to go to the blackboard and write 100 times: "A farce must be logical." There's a ghost of a good comic idea here. Two young aspiring employees of a huge corporation are invited to a weekend at the beach house of their boss; they arrive to find him dead—murdered—and are saddled with Bernie's body in the midst of parties, chases, and their own romances. What's missing is a logical reason for the young men not to call the police the moment they discover Bernie's corpse. The comic invention thereafter could use a few lifts and logicalities, but it doesn't matter because we never believe the initial jam the frantic duo are in.

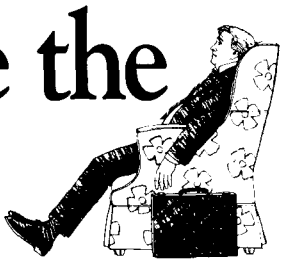
Terry Kiser is the corpse. At the beginning he has a few scenes in which he's a fast-talking smoothie, but mostly he's dead, being pushed and pummeled and wheeled and slid, being arranged in lifelike positions so that partygoers and passers-by won't notice that he's dead. Getting killed in a film is no novelty for an actor, but to play a corpse for well over an hour! In a farce! Chance of a lifetime.

Milk and Honey (ABC). Those who have had the luck to see Josette Simon in Shakespearean roles with the RSC in London—I saw her a few years ago as Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost*—will want to see this film. Simon, who is black, plays a young Jamaican who leaves her young son with her mother in a remote village and immigrates to the land of m-and-h—Canada. Simon has a job as a nanny in Toronto, for which she has been imported under strict immigration rules.

Obviously there's no film if those rules aren't broken. What follows is an equally obvious TV-stitched drama about a social issue—the harshness of the rules on families. Spliced into this is Simon's romance with a white Toronto teacher who ends by following her back to her near-primitive village. And we're supposed to believe, I guess, that they live happily ever after.

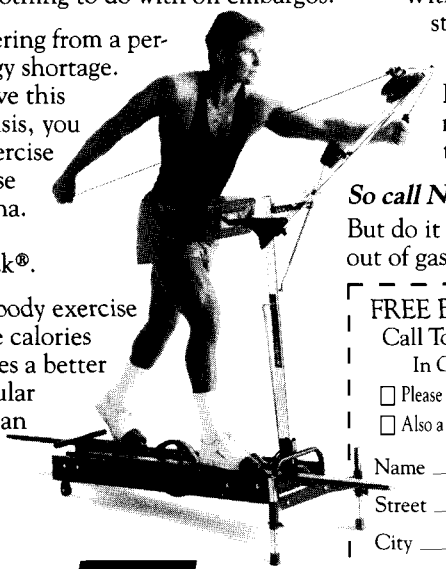
But to hear Simon as a Jamaican, to feel her warmth, to see her grace, is a treat. •

How to solve the energy crisis



If you're like a lot of Americans, the energy crisis has nothing to do with oil embargos.

You're suffering from a personal energy shortage. And to solve this growing crisis, you need to exercise and increase your stamina. You need a NordicTrack®.



This total body exercise burns more calories and provides a better cardiovascular workout than any other type of exercise machine.

With regular use, you'll feel stronger, more alert, and less stressed-out.

In short, you'll have more energy to do more things in your life.

So call NordicTrack.

But do it soon. Before you run out of gas for good.

FREE BROCHURE & VIDEO
Call Toll-Free **1-800-328-5888**
In Canada **1-800-433-9582**

☐ Please send me a free brochure.
☐ Also a free videotape. ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Name _____
Street _____
City ___ State ___ Zip _____
Phone ( ) _____
141 Jonathan Blvd. No., Chaska, MN 55318
255H9

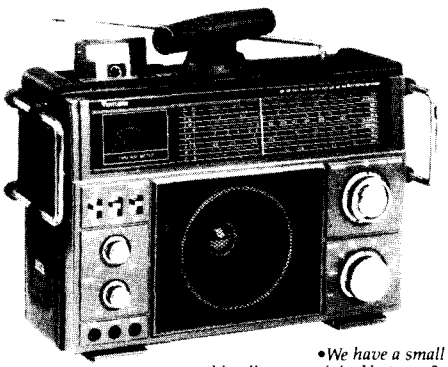
NordicTrack
A CML COMPANY

Put the whole world at your fingertips, with . . .

Venturer MultiBand Receiver

Only $99.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!



•We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the standard Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $30 more—$129.95. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.

The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the international shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V. DC source.

We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer MultiBand Receiver(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order **#1195E987** for the *MultiBand Receiver,* and for the cassette version, give order **#1196 E987** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information.

UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Venturer MultiBand Receiver,* $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How historians are revising the French Revolution.

The Nightmares of Reason

BY SIMON SCHAMA

I.

Who now remembers that the Eiffel Tower was built as part of the centennial of the French Revolution? The slip of memory is perhaps pardonable, since the designers of the Universal Exhibition in Paris in 1889 intended it more as distraction than as commemoration. In the centenary year the concern was not to meditate on the legacy of the French Revolution, but to have done with it.

The Third Republic, after all, had been built on hecatombs of bodies slaughtered in the catastrophic Paris Commune of 1871. And it was to hasten the process of healing that the moderate Radicals who came to dominate Republican governments inaugurated July 14 as a national holiday in 1880. To be integrated properly into the national patrimony, the Revolution had to be defanged. If nobody could make the first verse of the Marseillaise, with its appeal to have "impure blood water our furrows," sound innocuously bourgeois, its sanguinary obsessions could at least be drowned out by triumphal orchestration. The Exhibition, at any rate, would be decently consensual, looking forward to a future blessed by science and democracy, rather than backward to atavism and bitter conflict.

Its inspirational themes were engineering and empire; its temples were the schoolroom and the laboratory; its heroes were Pasteur and Eiffel. Everything was calculated for minimum offensiveness. The hundreds of thousands of tourists who ascended Eiffel's great structure could pick out through telescopes what were, historically, the great sites of revolutionary tragedies: the Place de la Révolution, where the guillotine had been set up, harmoniously rebaptized the Place de la Concorde; the great white triumphalist monster of the Sacré Coeur planted atop the hill of Montmartre, where the Communards had made their last stand; Haussmann's boulevards, built to pre-empt any repetition of the blood-soaked barricades of June 1848. But instead of a landscape of conflict and violence, visitors on the platforms of the Tower could survey these places as no more than items on a tourist itinerary, as the panorama of "Paris," where history kept a decent distance from pleasure.

The officially sponsored histories of the centennial were similarly customized to cause least offense, and especially to avoid giving hostages to the enemies of Republican consensus. Jules Michelet, the greatest of all historians of the Revolution, given a spectacular monument at the Père Lachaise cemetery 12 years before, was (then as now) accorded astonishingly little attention. His messianic view of the French Revolution as the heir to the Christian epoch, as incarnating a peculiar French mission of union and equality, was embarrassingly mystical to the prosaic positivists of 1889. They announced an "official" new edition of his *History*, but at the same time rejected an ambitious project to establish a grandiose Museum of the Revolution in the center of the Champ de Mars.

The only concession to authentically revolutionary heroics was made in the statue of Danton erected at the Carrefour de l'Odéon. Struggling to emerge from beneath crusts of pigeon dung, the statue still remains the greatest of the monuments to revolutionary energy, surpassed only by the militant furies urging on the volunteers of the Year II, carved by François Rude on the side of the Arc de Triomphe in the 1830s. Yet Danton's acceptability, especially to his archadvocate Alphonse Aulard, the historian who had begun lecturing on the French Revolution in 1886, lay primarily in his not being Robespierre. Both Danton's venality (much emphasized by socialist partisans of the Incorruptible) and his own part in instituting the Terror were somehow expunged by his falling victim to its travesty of justice. For the most part, though, the official ceremonies avoided hero worship altogether. The multitudes who craved inspirational history could, for the price of one franc, go and see the cardboard and plaster mock-up of the Bastille and its *vainqueurs* erected on the Pont d'Austerlitz.

Beneath this official demeanor of stifling republican propriety, though, there were some historians who dreamed dreams. One of them was the great unsung Prometheus of revolutionary historiography, Charles-Louis Chassin. A journalist as well as a scholar, a friend of Clemenceau as well as of Aulard, Chassin envisioned a great historiographic Eiffel Tower. It, too, would be a thing of girders and awesome spans, each forged out of the iron material of archival documentation, all welded together by heroic exertions of editorial engineering. As it rose, volume by volume, this scientific history would demonstrate beyond all possible refutation the necessary rela-

The Critical Dictionary of the French Revolution
edited by François Furet and Mona Ozouf
translated by Arthur Goldhammer
(Harvard University Press, 1,168 pp., $69.95 until 12/31; $85 after)

La Révolution 1780-1880
by François Furet
(Hachette, 528 pp., Fr. 490)

The French Revolution
by J. F. Bosher
(Norton, 416 pp., $22.95)

The Oxford History of the French Revolution
by William Doyle
(Oxford University Press, 466 pp., $29.95)

The Peasantry in the French Revolution
by Peter Jones
(Cambridge University Press, 324 pp., $44.50, $14.95 paper)

Revolution in Print: The Press in France 1775-1800
edited by Robert Darnton and Daniel Roche
(University of California Press, 351 pp., $50, $24.95 paper)

A Cultural History of the French Revolution
by Emmet Kennedy
(Yale University Press, 463 pp., $35)

Sister Republics: The Origins of French and American Republicanism
by Patrice Higonnet
(Harvard University Press, 336 pp., $25)

France 1789-1815: Revolution and Counterrevolution
by D. M. G. Sutherland
(Oxford University Press, 494 pp., $32.50, $12.95 paper)

SIMON SCHAMA, professor of history and senior associate at the Center for European Studies, is the author of *Citizens: A Chronicle of the French Revolution* (Knopf).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tionship between the Revolution and modern Republican democracy.

Aulard had recently published texts of revolutionary oratory as a genealogy of the parliamentary democracy he hoped to see finally consummated in the Third Republic. But Chassin hungered for something more imposing: a massive work of edited compilation from every conceivable source—pamphlets and newspapers as well as set speeches; private letters and journals drawn from departmental and national archives. Twelve volumes alone on the history of Paris during the elections to the Estates-General through the summer of 1789 appeared rapidly. Later Chassin followed these with similarly immense tomes on the history of the Vendée rebellion against the Revolution. Though often neglected, these books remain stunning accomplishments, great treasure houses of precious source materials mined from the archives.

Positivists like Chassin imagined that they had found a way to rescue the history of the Revolution from the instability of polemics. Documentary veracity, built up layer by layer, and communicated with the impassive discourse of the scientist, would give it the weight and objectivity it lacked in the romantic chronicles of the early 19th century. Above all, though, such a scientific history would show the Revolution to be a product of historical necessity, embedded in laws of social and political structure, laws that might be exposed analytically and disseminated in a republican pedagogy.

Chassin and his generation were not, of course, original in this approach. Among the first commentators to insist on the Revolution as a necessary product of social evolution were two of its most prominent victims, Antoine Barnave and Condorcet. And Constant and Tocqueville (in strikingly different ways) approached the short-term drama of the event as a symptom of much longer, deeper trends in both politics and society. Nor did Chassin's patriotic but socially reticent republicanism have the last word. By the turn of the century a much more aggressively socialist version, stressing conflict rather than consensus, effectively appropriated the historiography of revolutionary necessity.

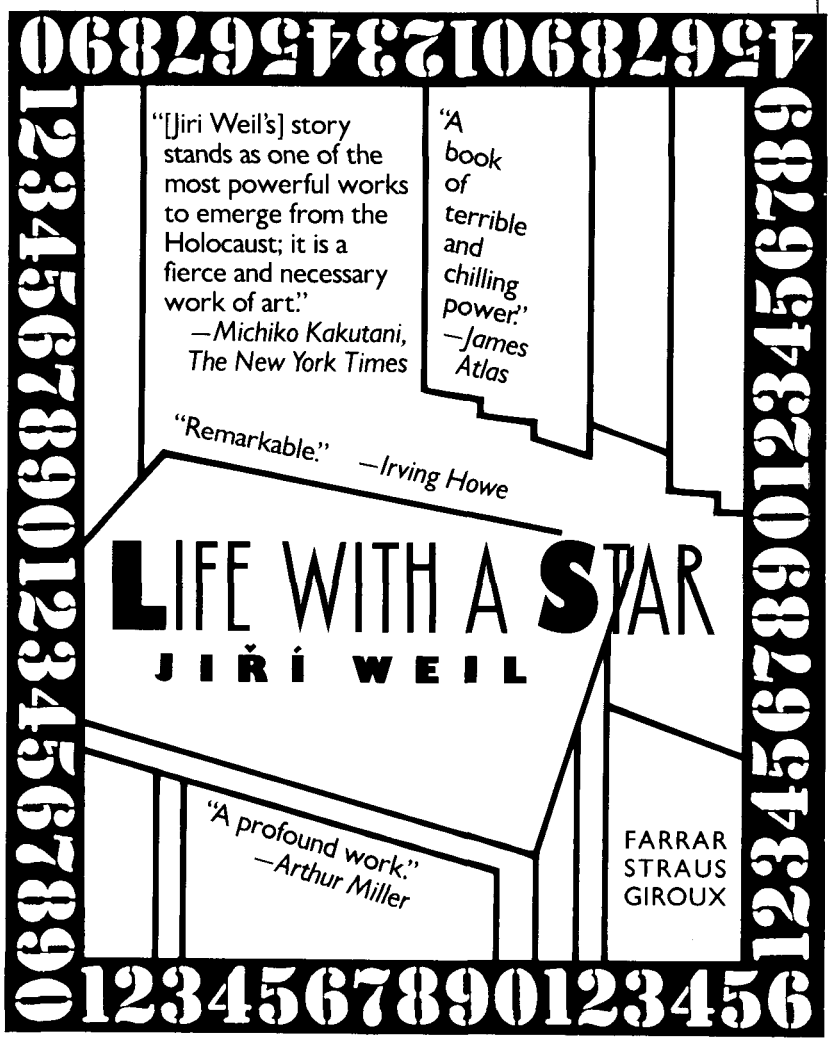
Rooted in Marx's axiom that the meaning of the French Revolution lay in its replacement of a feudal by a bourgeois capitalist society, socialist historians like Albert Mathiez, Aulard's rebellious pupil and adversary, resurrected Jacobinism as the thwarted impulse of social egalitarianism within the Revolution. Aulard and Mathiez sniped at each other from the trenches of rival journals, reproducing much of the love-hate relationship that disfigured their historical alter egos, Danton and Robespierre. It proved in the end an unequal conflict. Aulard's line of democratic moderation disappeared, and Mathiez's Marxism became the canon for the 20th century, reiterated and transmitted by an unbroken line of apostles presiding over chairs at the Sorbonne.

Behind the dialectical antagonism, though, lay two shared assumptions that remained more or less unquestioned during the last century. One of these axioms was descriptive, the other normative. The first held that the French Revolution was the crucible in which the modern world was fired—not merely its politics, but its laws, education, and nationality, its paradigms of the state, the individual, and the relationship between the two. The second proposition, more stirringly and unapologetically French, held that the French Revolution was the most expeditious highway to democracy, and that the Liberty and Equality engraved in its motto (Fraternity was always more problematic) were decisively secured by its sacrifices. When the tally is made, this second view insists, the Revolution made the world a better place. It took seriously Saint-Just's dictum that "happiness is a new idea in Europe."

II.

How have the histories of the bicentennial year treated these two apparently imperishable truths? Overwhelmingly revisionist, they nonetheless affirm the first contention that the essential character of modernity is to be discerned in the history of the Revolution, though most now have sharply restricted the scope of that modernity to mean politics and warfare, rather than society or economy. And in many of the most powerful contributions, Anglo-Saxon and French, William Doyle and Keith Baker as well as François Furet and Mona Ozouf, there is a distinct wariness about what that political and military modernity portended.

It is around the second theme—the indispensability of the revolutionary road to freedom—that some of the fiercest argument continues. Beyond the circles of the faithful, not much remains of what Furet, in an irreparably damaging article


"[Jiri Weil's] story stands as one of the most powerful works to emerge from the Holocaust; it is a fierce and necessary work of art."
—Michiko Kakutani, The New York Times
"A book of terrible and chilling power."
—James Atlas
"Remarkable."
—Irving Howe
LIFE WITH A STAR
JIŘÍ WEIL
"A profound work."
—Arthur Miller
FARRAR STRAUS GIROUX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some 20 years ago, dubbed the "revolutionary catechism." A massive avalanche of empirical research into prerevolutionary France has made it virtually impossible to represent Louis XVI's France as an immobile feudal world, exploded into capitalism by the force of revolution.

This sweeping alteration of received wisdoms owes much to the pioneering criticism of the Marxist orthodoxy offered in the 1960s by Alfred Cobban, the professor of French history at University College London. In his *Social Interpretation of the French Revolution*, Cobban emphasized the continuity of social elites (as had Tocqueville before him), noticing that much the same groups that had dominated France before the Revolution—landowners, plutocrats, men of the professions, and bureaucrats—turned up as the "notability" of the 19th century.

At least two of the major Anglo-Saxon syntheses of the bicentennial year, J. F. Bosher's *The French Revolution* and William Doyle's *Oxford History of the French Revolution*, echo these Cobbanite themes. Bosher's account is more unabashedly polemical, castigating "revolutionary or left-wing dogmatism" for representing the prerevolutionary church as living in a doomed twilight. Other elements of the "old regime" are equally rescued from the stereotype of atrophy. Political and cultural life in the French provinces, in his account, was vigorous and creative; the intendants of the monarchy were intelligent and for the most part capable; a significant number of the nobility were interested in, if not addicted to, projects of change and reform. Both rehearse another fundamental axiom of the Cobban revision: that, far from a proto-revolutionary bourgeoisie gnashing its teeth in frustration at being denied access to the privileged elite, the reign of Louis XVI saw an unprecedented degree of vertical social mobility.

William Doyle, whose book is an outstanding model of clarity and informed scholarship, is even more concerned to emphasize that the revolution arose within a shifting, fluid, mobile society, not an ossified and archaic one. Those who generated new and dangerous ideas were at the top of society, not in the prosaic middle; those who rioted from hunger and fury in the desperate years of the late 1780s were not the most destitute but on the contrary those who had been gainers—those who had something to lose. Doyle's "old regime" is a place transformed *before* the Revolution by "the extraordinary commercial and industrial expansion of the 18th century," governed by a plutocracy, from which the majority of the nobility (the "parasites" who were to be targeted for extermination by the Revolution) were excluded on account of their modest means. In short, money, not birth, was the key to power in late 18th-century France, just as it would be in Napoleonic France and the France of the July Monarchy.

The Revolution, for Doyle, arose within a society that was already in the throes of modernization, however uneven. He takes care not to underestimate the grinding poverty that afflicted vast numbers of the rural population. Like other revisionist historians, he sees the anger of the poor affecting the course of the Revolution, rather than producing its outbreak. It was politics, rather than social grievance, that turned riot into Revolution. And when he surveys the social consequences of what he ends by characterizing as a "tragedy," Doyle's verdict is, for the most part, extraordinarily bleak. The Revolution was "an economic disaster for France." Commerce was wrecked, and the uncontrollable inflation of the paper *assignat* created unemployment, crime, and vagrancy on an almost unparalleled scale. "Was the Revolution worth it in material terms?" he asks at the end of his fine book. "For most ordinary French subjects, turned by it into citizens, it cannot have been."

It is a conclusion echoed in another exceptionally important work, Peter Jones's *The Peasantry in the French Revolution*. His "balance sheet" characterizes the greatest ostensible change in French society, the expropriation and sale of church and émigré land, as a huge missed opportunity. The poorest among the peasantry, who might have been helped, were shoved aside in sales that overwhelmingly favored those who were already propertied, whether ex-noble, bourgeois, or farmer. The predictable result was to make the well-off better off and the poor worse off, fueling resentment that burned in countless rural rebellions throughout the century that followed.

While there were, as Jones notes, many peasants of modest means who, either individually or in syndicates, succeeded in buying some lots, any slight improvement in their condition was offset by other disasters the Revolution brought in its train, notably the collapse of many cottage industries and the destruction of traditional charity in the wake of the asset-stripping visited on the church. "On balance," Jones concludes, the Revolution "left the poor more vulnerable to economic adversity than before." Once exploited as subjects of a *seigneurie*, they were now victimized by high rents; lords became landlords.

If the Revolution did not turn France into a peasants' paradise, as is conventionally supposed, neither do other ostensibly benign transformations survive serious inspection. Doyle's conclusion gathers momentum as a catalog of social disasters. For all the grandiose schemes announced by revolutionary legislators, the actual effect of their attack on traditional schooling, often under the aegis of the church, was to destroy a flourishing system while putting nothing very much in its place. Doyle notes that the student population of the much-touted "central schools" of the Directory was in fact less than a quarter of the student population of the colleges of 1789. Even literacy rates seem to have declined in the revolutionary decades. Poor relief was in shambles, and hospitals were damaged so badly that even by 1847, according to Doyle, there were 42 percent fewer than had been standing in 1789.

The significance of the French Revolution, then, is not to be measured on an index of social alteration—which is not to write an epitaph for the social history of this period altogether. On the contrary, there continue to be exceptionally rich and illuminating contributions to the social history of France *during* the revolutionary period, none more impressive than D. M. G. Sutherland's *France 1789-1815*. The eloquently laconic title betrays his revised perspective. Sutherland's exhaustively researched and lucidly written book is so full of the complexities of regional, local, and religious history that it bears witness to the impossibility of reducing political divisions to simple social categories. In fact, the explanatory force of social structure in accounting for political conflict has virtually collapsed, at the very least sparing us the long lists of occupational categories from which historians were once supposed to extrapolate political allegiance.

In other words, members of indistinguishable social groups (even aristocrats) could have violently opposed beliefs on which they would act. It used to be thought, for example, that the greatest peasant insurrection against the Jacobin Republic, in the western region of the Vendée, was the work of seigneurial gentry leading especially backward feudal hordes under the banner of the Cross and Pierced Heart. But more recent research (evident, for example, in the outstanding *La Vendée et la France* by Jean-Clement Martin) has shown not only that the Vendée rebellion was in the first instance a spontaneous rural uprising, but that the population from which it was mobilized was from one of the most flourishing and prosperous cattle-raising

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

areas of France. In their *Critical Dictionary of the French Revolution*, François Furet and Mona Ozouf do not hesitate to describe it as an authentic popular uprising; moreover, it was one impelled essentially not by social structure but by religious conviction. So it has taken a hundred years or so to return to the disarmingly simple belief, evident to nearly all 19th-century writers before the epoch of Eiffel Tower positivism, that the Vendée was nothing more or less than a religious war.

III.

If the Revolution was not in its essence a social event, what was it? Increasingly, and in keeping with the popularity of symbolic anthropology as a mentor discipline, historians have been turning to culture to gauge the magnitude of the change. Although some have worried that a move from the apparently comforting "objectivity" of price indexes, income measurements, and the like to the cloudy realms of discursive practice is like jumping from bedrock to quicksand, some of the most original contributions to recent revolutionary historiography have come from cultural history.

It is in *Revolution in Print: The Press in France 1775-1800*, edited by Robert Darnton and Daniel Roche and published to coincide with a superlative exhibition at the New York Public Library, that the claim for the Revolution as first and foremost a "cultural revolution" is argued most powerfully. This imposing research on the press demonstrates beyond all possible reproach how rigorous and empirically exacting cultural history at its best can be. Carla Hesse's exemplary article on "Economic Upheavals in Publishing" makes absolutely clear the overwhelming transformation of that culture, not only in the output of papers, journals, pamphlets, and the like, but also in the structure (or lack of it) of the trade, liberated by the Revolution (as in many other industries) from the corporate organization of the guilds. Other fascinating essays on songs, images of the Bastille, almanacs, and what James Leith calls the "ephemera" of playing cards, games, posters, and even paper money (which in the Revolution was very ephemeral indeed) make it clear just how seriously the cultural entrepreneurs and pedagogues of the Revolution took the opportunity to broadcast a radically new set of values by every conceivable means, textual and visual.

Yet such is the commitment of *Revolution in Print* to the highest standards of scholarly honesty that it cannot help but expose some of the problems that remain in any proposed "fit" between the French Revolution and cultural innovation. With the best will in the world, Jeremy Popkin (who writes with exceptional insight and erudition on the journalism of the 18th century) cannot attribute much in the way of newly invented *form* to the newspapers of the Revolution. In an extremely important volume he edited with Jack Censer, *Press and Politics in Pre-Revolutionary France*, he showed exactly how much of the innovations both in polemical tone and coverage were anticipated in Francophone papers of the 1760s to the 1780s. The crucial difference was that censorship, even in the erratic and often liberal form practiced under Malesherbes, ensured that such papers would have to be published abroad in London, Switzerland, or Holland, rather than France.

There can be no doubt that the explosive opportunities opened up by revolutionary readership transformed the scope and scale of the activities of the publishing world, but the consequences were sometimes unpredictable. The result for book publishing, for example, was actually a contraction in the face of the immense wave of pamphlets and often very short-lived journals. Would there have been freedom of the press, then, had the Revolution not occurred? At least two of the essays in the volume suggest serious possibilities of reform.

NEW FROM **LIBERTY FUND**

THE FABLE OF THE BEES

OR PRIVATE VICES, PUBLICK BENEFITS
By Bernard Mandeville
With a Commentary Critical, Historical and Explanatory
By F. B. Kaye

"Mandeville is able to offer possibly the first systematically derived account of politics and social order based on 'interests,' both rational and irrational. In so doing, he elevated the individual and offered a new view of morality that contained the seeds for our contemporary understanding of human freedom and the good society." —Roger Michener, Princeton University

Bernard Mandeville (1670-1733) had a profound impact on economics, ethics, and social philosophy through **The Fable of the Bees,** one of the most significant English works of the eighteenth-century. F.B. Kaye's beautiful edition and masterful commentary is again available for the first time in years.

Volume I - 412 + cxlvi pages. Preface.
Volume II - 481 + v pages. Preface and index.
Hardcover $15.00 each or $30.00 the set 0-86597-072-6
Paperback $ 7.50 each or $15.00 the set 0-86597-075-0
Liberty*Classics*, 1989

Prepayment is required on all orders not for resale. We pay book rate postage on prepaid orders. Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery. All orders from outside the United States ***must*** be prepaid in U.S. dollars. To order, or for a copy of our **NEW** 1989 catalogue, write:

Liberty Fund, Inc., Department AA108, 7440 N. Shadeland Avenue, Indianapolis, IN 46250

Please send me: *The Fable of the Bees*
Liberty Fund edition, 1989

Quan.			Price	Amount
	Hardcover	set	$30.00	
		each	$15.00	
	Paperback	set	$15.00	
		each	$ 7.50	
			Subtotal	
			Indiana residents add 5% sales tax	
			Total	

We pay book rate postage. Please allow approximately 4 weeks for delivery. All orders must be prepaid in U.S. dollars.

☐ Enclosed is my check or money order made payable to Liberty Fund, Inc.
☐ Please send me a copy of your NEW 1989 catalogue.

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____

Mail to: Liberty Fund, Inc.
7440 North Shadeland Ave.
Department AA108
Indianapolis, IN 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Daniel Roche's article on the censors indicates a complete collapse of nerve and clarity of purpose in the decade before the Revolution, along with correspondingly dwindling numbers of printers and authors imprisoned in the Bastille. Malesherbes's project for a free press was just one of a number of similar projects circulating at high levels of the government before 1789.

Whether or not the Revolution should be read as a moment of unconstrained cultural transformation is also a problem that besets Emmet Kennedy's *Cultural History of the French Revolution*. In many respects, the book answers an important need in bringing together research and argument on a wide variety of cultural phenomena, both high and low—from painting, music, and science to the extremely important issue of the Revolution's clerical and educational policies.

But in his commendable desire to be comprehensive, Kennedy also has to be brutally terse on exceptionally important items of evidence about the revolutionary mentality. Nowhere is this more damaging than in the few lines he gives to Jacques-Louis David's masterpieces of patriotic ideology. (These are examined with great intellectual flair and scholarly power in Warren Roberts's *Jacques-Louis David, Revolutionary Artist: Art, Politics and the French Revolution*, to be published in September by the University of North Carolina Press.) Kennedy is not able, for example, to discuss the most obvious point at which David's art directly affected revolutionary body language: the acceptance of the Horatian salute, the obligatory gesture of revolutionary solidarity.

More seriously, Kennedy is unable to escape from the telling disjunctions between political and cultural change. At the level of creative propaganda—the great open-air festivals, the cults of heroes and martyrs, the caricatures and songs—the equation works. But in almost every department of high cultural production, it becomes apparent that the Revolution was the product, not the cause, of great change. As in Russia at the turn of this century, the great period of imaginative alteration was directly *before* the Revolution, whether in Beaumarchais's theater (and his creation of a playwright's union), Ledoux's architecture, David's painting, or Gluck's opera.

Whether those impulses were sustained or brutally arrested by the Revolution was almost entirely a matter of the personal political convictions of the artists (and, for that matter, the scientists). Lavoisier, Condorcet, and André Chénier lost their lives; Hubert Robert the painter was imprisoned, while David was signing arrest warrants and Marie-Joseph Chénier was perennially adjusting himself to the needs of survival. In the end, or at least by the Consulate, the dream of abolishing hierarchies in the arts, both of subject matter and practitioners, evaporated before the reinstitution of cultural elites, barely any different (though in some cases more suffocatingly orthodox) than their old regime counterparts.

In culture, as in so many other aspects of its personality, the Revolution was both magnificent and despicable. It produced the macabre exhumation of the royal tombs in Saint-Denis in October 1793, when souvenir hunters vied to extract the odd princely tooth or nail before the remains of Capetian, Valois, and Bourbon anointed were tossed into common burial pits. But it also produced, in the formidable person of Alexandre Lenoir, a genuine hero of the arts, struggling to protect the French architectural past from iconoclasm. It established the Louvre as a national museum, but then stocked it with booty thieved by the armies from the great collections and churches of Europe. It was a "cultural revolution" that imagined it could reshape the experience of space and time and ended up bequeathing to the world the metric system.

IV.

The recent emphasis on the symbolic practices of political culture has done much to enrich our understanding of how they undermined traditional allegiances and created new ones, but the understanding has not been altogether cost-free. In keeping with the post-structuralist tendency to collapse meaning into form, it has looked either away from or beneath the ostensible content of ideology to disclose what is argued to be immanent meaning. Not the least merit of Furet and Ozouf's spectacular *Critical Dictionary of the French Revolution* is to take declared meaning at face value; to restore, in fact, full historical autonomy to the conflict of ideas.

Those not within the guild of self-described "professional historians" may be amazed to hear that such conflicts have ever *not* been taken seriously in their own right. But it may well have taken this monumental work (as well as the exceptionally important volumes collectively titled *The French Revolution and the Creation of Modern Political Culture*) to reinstate their full causal power. In the *Dictionary*, in particular, the play of debate and its intersection with the combat of personalities and the shaping of institutions is given primary significance. The great moments of the French Revolution are rescued from compression into the social structure or burial beneath symbolic bricolage.

The *Critical Dictionary*, originally published by Flammarion, will appear in the fall from Harvard University Press in yet another truly brilliant translation by Arthur Goldhammer (who should at last get the recognition he deserves for his prodigious work in bringing the very best French historical writing to English readers). It ought to enjoy the widest possible readership, though it may never quite reach the 200,000 who have made it a best seller in France. No praise can really be too high for what this work represents: spectacular scholarship, consistently gripping writing, and intellectual penetration.

Its form alone proclaims its originality. It has been conceived as a true critical dictionary in the 18th-century Voltairian sense: it is not a compilation of ostensibly and impartially related information, but a corpus of interpretative, often polemical arguments united by a broadly shared perspective. This is a perspective that not every scholar or student of the Revolution will applaud, since it is so manifestly indifferent to social history and so anti-triumphalist in tone. But it nonetheless adds up to a coherent vision of the Revolution (all the more remarkable for being written by more than 20 hands). It is certainly the most enduring book to be published in the bicentennial year.

The postmodernism of the book is apparent from the beginning, where it restores the importance of events themselves in the history of the Revolution. In fact, Ozouf and Furet (who wrote the lion's share of articles) could have gone even further and written expressly about the revolutionaries' sense of being enrolled in Events as a political force in its own right. But at least they have been heretically courageous enough to violate the injunction placed on *histoire événementielle* by the Annales school some 60 years ago. Time and again they return for explanatory force to the contingent ebb and flow of events and circumstances; even to the personal animosities between Jacobins and Girondins, which were the staple of historical writing before and after the Eiffel Tower centennial and which "modern" historiography has affected to despise ever since.

Taken together with *The French Revolution*, written by Furet 15 years ago with his collaborator Denis Richet, and his handsomely illustrated *La Révolution 1780-1880* (in which some of the best of Furet's writing appears as commentaries on paintings and prints), the *Dictionary* amounts to a powerful reinstatement of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

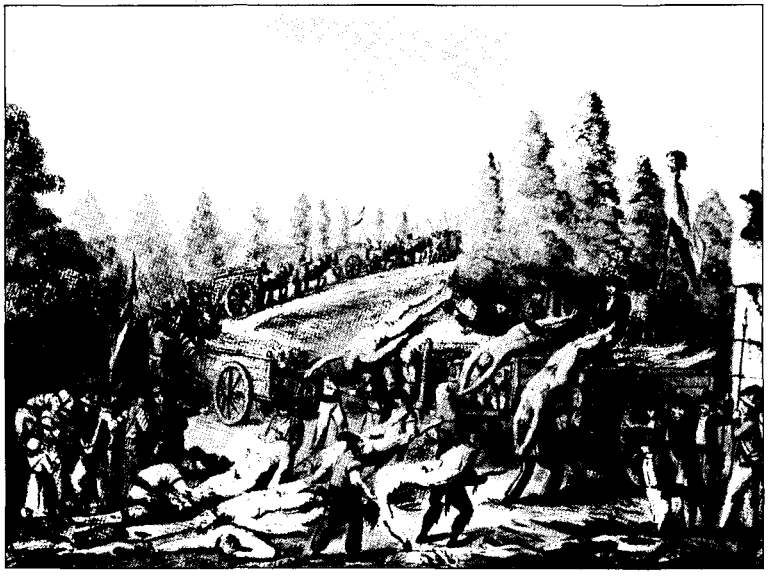
the complementarity of argument and storytelling. In places, it comes close to insisting on the importance of narrative not just as a literary device (though Furet is not above appreciating the paramount importance of historians addressing themselves beyond the academy), but as an indispensable explanatory tool. This is especially timely, since historians on this side of the Atlantic are increasingly divided as to whether narrative is a help or a hindrance to posing and answering the problems they set themselves.

Almost by definition, good narrative must eschew theoretical justifications within its text and be content with simply embodying them in exposition. Furet and Ozouf accordingly deny themselves this luxury. But there are extremely compelling reasons for marrying the analytical and the narrative voices in the case of the French Revolution. If one grants (as Furet, Ozouf, and their contributors clearly do) that personal authority, charisma, and eloquence (or a lack of all three in the case of Louis XVI) made a specific difference to the unfolding of the Revolution, then it is important to reconstruct the way in which such individuals actually "narrativized" their own public lives.

This was especially the case for a generation that came to maturity in the shadow of Rousseau's *Confessions*, in which the excited publicity of the ego was presented as a moral act. It is virtually impossible to comprehend the points of entry into public life of major revolutionaries and the subsequent trajectory of their careers without following this compulsive self-dramatization through all its acts. For Robespierre the personal pronoun was an article of faith in every major speech; Marat's whole credibility was tied up with his self-creation as the Great Unmasker; René Hébert's role rested on his image as the vinous mouth of the common man. Revolutionary crises were often products of the ways in which these different roles collided and rebounded. Only narrative can adequately trace that process.

If, too, one grants that there are critical moments that defy reduction to long-term structures, social or even ideological, and that crystallize as responses to unanticipated events (like Calonne's sudden decision to call the Assembly of the Notables, or Marat's assassination), what can satisfactorily explain them other than narrative? At its best, narrative history can actually resist both the positivist dogmatism that reduces all major historical phenomena to structures *and* the relativism that pictures all historical data whirling around on bewilderingly random and disconnected paths.

The *Critical Dictionary* serves up brilliant and compelling portraits of Mirabeau, Napoleon, and Marat; of the Fourth of August, and the Flight to Varennes. Yet in this work even Furet and Ozouf seem reluctant to declare themselves anything more than closet narrative historians. By subjecting the essays, gathered under headings of "Events" and "Actors," to the arbitrary order of the alphabet, they actually strip chronology of much of its coherence at the same time that they want to reinstate its causal power. Alphabetically dictated, the entire book begins, perversely, with "*Chouannerie*" (the guerrilla peasant rebellion against the Republic in Brittany and western Normandy), an item likely to be obscure to anyone not already armed with a sophisticated prior knowledge of the Revolution.



ETIENNE BÉRICOURT, *BURIAL FOLLOWING THE SEPTEMBER MASSACRES* (COURTESY OF BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS)

Although the form of the book may seem artfully loose, its content is actually quite severely pulled together. Over and again the most eloquent and thoughtful of the essays return to the same painful core problem of the French Revolution: how to reconcile unitary theories of popular sovereignty (such as Rousseau's General Will) with the actual practice of representation and the protection of natural rights. This is especially evident in Keith Baker's superlative essays on Sieyès and on Constitutions; Ozouf's stunning essays on "liberty" and "regeneration"; and Furet's miniature biography of Barnave, who as someone preciously aware that the Revolution had created its *own* history was painfully conscious of the conflict between street politics and orderly government.

Both in this book and in his *longue durée* account of *La Révolution 1780-1880*, Furet rightly pinpoints August and September of 1789 as the key turning point of the Revolution. It was during the crucial debates over the Constitution that the majority of the National Assembly rejected out of hand the attempt by *monarchiens* like Mounier and Malouet to protect the Montesquieuan tradition: a dispersed form of the exercise of sovereignty, divided between coeval institutions that could monitor and contain the possible excesses of each other. The adamant rejection of this possibility as intrinsically unpatriotic and divisive in the pejorative sense made pluralist politics impossible in revolutionary France. This, as Baker insists, led directly to the Terror. To follow this line of reasoning is to admit a painful conclusion: that the genuinely liberal period of politics during the Revolution lasted not two years (between 1789 and 1791), but more like four months.

Just why it proved so difficult to introduce less concentrated forms of government in France has, of course, been the major source of perplexity (and sorrow) to many of the liberal critics of the Revolution from Constant, Necker, and his daughter Madame de Staël on. Tocqueville believed that the weight of absolutist centralization was simply too great to permit the abrupt introduction of more dispersed forms of authority. But many historians now believe that he exaggerated the degree to which the old regime depended overwhelmingly on excessive centralization. Arguably the Revolution, especially in its obsession with "federalist" plots and its insistence that to devolve power was to play into the hands of counterrevolutionary localism, actually reversed the initiatives toward decentralization that had been instituted in the last years of the monarchy in the form of locally elected provincial assemblies.

In his challenging and important comparison between French and American experience, *Sister Republics*, Patrice Higonnet locates the problem once more in different social structures and traditions of authority. Like Furet, he sees the origins of disaster in France in the virtual

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Graduate Faculty

Ira Roseman
Robert Russell

For *everyone* in The Graduate Faculty, *A through Z*, write or call for a Bulletin: Graduate Faculty, New School for Social Research, 65 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10003
(212) 741-5710

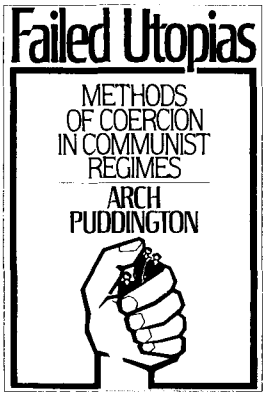
Read in Bed...

with pleasure using our Sunnex light. Its bright halogen light, recessed in a cool shade, illuminates your page–not your partner. Sturdy 27" gooseneck. In matte black.

$157 incl. UPS & ins. MA res. add 5% tax
MC/VISA/Check • Money-Back Guarantee
Call 617-484-0014 Catalog on Request

LEVENGER–Tools for Serious Readers
480-C Concord Ave., Dept NRI , Belmont, MA 02178

China is not a new story...



Ethiopia
Grenada
Bulgaria
Afghanistan
Vietnam
Cambodia

283 pages / cloth $19.95

". . . this is a vivid, wide-ranging, and penetrating presentation of all the multifarious things wrong with communist regimes throughout the world."

—Robert Conquest
Author of *The Great Terror* and *Harvest of Sorrow*

ICS PRESS
243 Kearny Street
San Francisco, CA 94108
(415) 981-5353
FAX (415) 986-4878

impossibility of reconciling the opposite tendencies of individualism and collectivism within French politics. In effect, this is to challenge the plausibility of revolutionary democracy, since it denies the possibility of establishing radically new forms of political practice *ex nihilo*. Ironically, revolutions, which of all forms of political experience seem to offer the most magical forms of transformation, are doomed to collapse back on the deeper, long-term realities out of which they were constituted.

Furet, at any rate, is not afraid of this kind of sober pessimism. And the same resources of unflinching intellectual courage and clear-sightedness give him great credibility and persuasive power when tackling the most notoriously difficult problem of the Revolution: its violence. In *La Révolution* in particular, but also in the *Dictionary*, he rejects the arbitrary "external force of circumstances" explanation that sees revolutionary violence as a rational response to resistance. That is the explanation favored by Doyle. But as Furet (and others) have pointed out, the most savage and spectacular acts of violence were committed not when the battles of various kinds were in full swing, but usually *after* they had already been decided. (The September massacres in Paris are the only exception.)

Whether one is dealing with the first wave of heads on pikes in 1789, or the massacre of the Swiss guard, or the exterminist policy followed by the republican armies in the Vendée and in Lyon, the carnage had absolutely no direct effect on the outcome of various kinds of civil war. Instead, the spectacle of death was necessarily punitive, pedagogical, or retributive. For Furet, this was an evil generated within the revolution itself; the ultimate product of its Manichaean obsession with clean divisions between patriots and traitors, between visible citizens and hidden conspirators who had to be identified by the always open Eye of Surveillance, inscribed by the indefatigable pen of the Friend of the People, and ultimately delivered to the public arbitration of the National Razor.

This may not be the most light-hearted way to toast the bicentennial. Works of this seriousness and depth are hard to take with a sip of champagne and a burst of fireworks. But the historian is a commemorator, not a naive celebrant, and the quality of intelligent disenchantment in these works vindicates that role. Furet and Ozouf begin their great work in a defiantly positive mood, claiming that the Revolution marks the birth of modern democracy. But the cumulative effect of their own essays is to cast a long shadow over that optimism; to raise the gravest doubts over any necessary relationship between revolution and democracy. At the very least, the reader is made aware that whatever was born in 1789 was brought forth in pain and blood. It is impossible to finish the book without reflecting on the many alternative opportunities for political renewal that went tragically unrealized in France in the revolutionary decade.

Was the French Revolution the most direct route, the only open road, to democracy? Was its ecstatic communion of citizens and the armed imposition of unanimity more likely to secure, or to jeopardize, the liberties enshrined in the Declaration of the Rights of Man? More hangs on the answer than the resolution of a historical dispute. For it takes no very profound historical insight to apprehend that we are witnessing the death throes of the revolutionary epoch. Great revolutionary empires that took to heart only too well Robespierre's distinction between constitutional and revolutionary government are now foundering in the contradictions of their ideology.

Furet and Ozouf devote some of their most terrible lines to the degeneration of a Revolution whose legitimacy rested on the claim to restore the rule of law into a state power that sanctified illegality in the name of public safety (a concept dredged up from the most arbitrary practices of the monarchy). The ostensibly liberal Revolution of 1789, in its zeal to efface any jurisdictions that could intercede between the citizen and the exercise of popular sovereignty, left the individual defenseless against the state—a state that might at any moment determine that he was, after all, an Uncitizen. The result was that the absolute monarch was succeeded by the absolutists of popular sovereignty; the unchallengeable embodiment of the General Will. To attack such a government was, by the lights of revolutionary democracy, unthinkable: it meant that a citizen was, in effect, attacking himself. Only if he had somehow chosen to put himself *outside* the sovereign was such a gesture imaginable.

From this reasoning, the pure fruit of revolutionary logic, the stigmatization and destruction of opposition become not just possible but indispensable for survival. Saint-Just's chilling dictum that the "Republic consists in the extermination of everything that opposes it" descended to the Bolsheviks and the oligarchs of Tiananmen Square with the most literal and lethal consistency. But brutal repression must ultimately undo regimes whose legitimacy is supposed to rest on liberation. Similarly, revolutions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that promise to capture the future yet seem mired in immobility must in the end perish from the reckoning with bad faith.

The greatest challenge for postrevolutionary empires is how to open spaces within their fictive unanimity large enough for diversity—of religious belief, ethnic self-consciousness, and political utterance—to take root. That the task is not wholly inconceivable might be demonstrated by the case of France itself, which after 200 years has a polity in which regionalism, loyal oppositions, even (up to a point) ethnic diversity can exercise themselves without cracking the state apart. This state of affairs represents not the consummation but the transcendence of the revolutionary tradition.

Perhaps, too, a little more *glasnost* would not be amiss among the historians of the French Revolution. It is a good sign that it now seems possible to profess the skeptical revisionism exemplified by the *Dictionary* and by Doyle's Oxford history and not be stigmatized as at war with French democracy or indeed with French history altogether. The alternative, after all, is to be doomed to reproduce the intellectual bullying of Jacobinism. When Robespierre wanted to reproach his old protégé Desmoulins for having lapsed so far from revolutionary purity as to demand an end to the killings of the Terror, he made his point by burning Desmoulins's newspaper, the *Vieux Cordelier*, at the Jacobin club. The journalist got to his feet, undaunted by the knowledge that his life was forfeit to the gesture, and replied, "*Bruler, ce n'est pas répondre.*" To which one might add about the fate of freedom in a faraway place in 1989: To shoot is not to reply.

The Road to Tiananmen Square

BY ANDREW J. NATHAN

The Secret Speeches of Chairman Mao: From the Hundred Flowers to the Great Leap Forward edited by Roderick MacFarquhar, Eugene Wu, and Timothy Cheek, with contributions by Merle Goldman and Benjamin Schwartz

(Harvard University Press, 400 pp., $15, paper)

In 1958, at about the time covered by the texts translated in this volume, Mao attended a command performance in Shanghai of *The White Snake*, a tragic Chinese opera. As Mao's captain of bodyguards tells it in a recent memoir (published in Chinese), the chairman settled into his front row sofa to the applause of the assembled cadres, allowed the bodyguard to loosen the belt over his ample stomach, lit a cigarette, and sat back to enjoy the show. (Doctors had ordered Mao to stop eating so much fatty pork, but he was too willful to listen.) Just at the point where the feudalistic Buddhist abbot Fahai starts to bury the White Maiden beneath the Thunder Peak Pagoda, Mao jumped up, shouting, "You won't let her make revolution? You won't let her rebel?" His pants dropped around his ankles.

Mao is similarly undressed in some of the 19 texts in this volume, which the editors have selected from 23 volumes of his speeches, monologues, and letters that were circulated in classified editions in China and have recently been obtained by Harvard's Fairbank Center for East Asian Research. The first set of texts translated here dates from the Hundred Flowers movement of the spring of 1957, and includes the original transcript of Mao's February 27, 1957, speech, "On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People," which laid out the rationale for allowing the intellectuals to criticize the Party in what became known as the Hundred Flowers campaign. The second set of documents dates from 1958, the first year of the Great Leap Forward. Among them is a series of five impromptu talks Mao gave to his Politburo colleagues and other top officials at the seaside resort of Beidaihe in late August, in which he dilated feverishly on his vision of imminent communism.

The texts have never before been available outside a small circle of Party specialists in China. They add to our understanding of Mao's character and thinking at a crucial turning point in contemporary Chinese history. For a regime that was constantly torn by factionalism and was normally at war with one or another major section of its society, the years 1957 and 1958 were a unique interlude of self-confidence and optimism—at least for Mao, although many of his colleagues were skeptical. Looking back, the path of decline from the regime's relatively happy days of 1957-58 to the disaster of June 1989 is surprisingly clear, considering the amount of time and tragedy in between.

The sense of security had been earned at a large cost in earlier violence, even after the Chinese Communist Party won victory in a bloody civil war. In a passage eliminated from the official published version of "On the Correct Handling of Contradictions," Mao tells his audience that in the 1950-52 campaign to wipe out counterrevolutionaries, "700,000 were killed, [and] after that time probably over 70,000 more have been killed. But less than 80,000. . . . In the past four or five years we've only killed several tens of thousands of people." These figures do not include the costs in death and suffering of land reform, the thought reform of the intellectuals, and the so-called five-anti campaign for the takeover of private businesses. There were a few mistakes, Mao goes on, but "basically there were no errors; that group of people should have been killed."

Mao tries to convince his Party colleagues that 1956 marked the end of 116 years of class struggle, counted from the Opium War of 1840, and that it is time for the Party to lay down the cudgel. He assures them that what happened in 1956 in Hungary—where they "basically did not eliminate counterrevolutionaries"—could not happen in China. The negative example of Hungary has remained a nightmare for Chinese leaders. Deng Xiaoping's speeches throughout the 1980s and Li Peng's in the recent crisis have been full of references to counterrevolution in Hungary and Poland, both in 1956 and in the 1980s.

But in 1957 Mao denied the existence of any real threat to Party control. "We won," he says. "Indeed you won, that certainly counts! Being able to win always deserves credit. Since you won, what else is there to say?" The answer he proposes is that the Party now faces a new challenge, economic construction, which it does not know how to win. It needs the cooperation of the bourgeois intellectuals until it can train its own generation of proletarian intellectuals. The Party must stop repressing the intellectuals and learn to get along with them. The intellectuals will have to be allowed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to criticize the Party cadres, Mao says. But this should be no more frightening for the Party than "washing its face." The Party is too securely rooted now to be blown down even by a "force-12 typhoon."

These documents dispose of the theory that the Hundred Flowers campaign was a trick to get the Party's critics to expose themselves—to "lure snakes out of their holes." Mao's purpose was to convince Party cadres, used to treating everyone who crossed them as a counter-revolutionary, to learn how to tolerate differences of opinion among those they had to work with on the tasks of economic construction. "Our strong points are no longer any use. Our strong points are class struggle, politics, and military affairs. Our weak points are our lack of culture, lack of science, and lack of technology. We must learn these things." Mao wanted to offer the intellectuals a junior partnership in the regime. The documents also remove any doubt that Mao had agreed with Liu Shaoqi and Deng Xiaoping when they declared the effective end of class struggle at the Eighth Party Congress of 1956—a fact obscured by Cultural Revolution attacks on Liu and Deng for what they said then.

To provide a Marxist theoretical basis for the new era of class harmony, and to persuade the intellectuals that their criticisms of the Party would go unpunished, Mao developed the theory of the "two kinds of contradictions" in his February 1957 speech. He argued that contradictions among the people are non-antagonistic and should be handled by persuasion, unlike contradictions between the enemy and ourselves, which are antagonistic and must be handled by coercion. The theory became part of the jargon of Chinese communism. In May of this year, Li Peng tried to make talismanic use of it by declaring that the regime would "strictly distinguish between the two different kinds of contradictions" in dealing with the democracy protesters, among whom the bad elements were "an extremely small, extremely small number."

Saying so didn't make it so in 1989, or in 1957. Mao was radically overoptimistic about the loyalty of the intellectuals. When they finally accepted his invitation to criticize the Party, they unlocked unsuspected reserves of bitterness, in a process similar to that which occurred in Chinese cities this spring. The criticism rapidly reached a hostile crescendo and had to be stopped. Several months later the official version of "On the Correct Handling of Contradictions" was published with heavy revisions that radically changed the ground rules of the campaign. Some 600,000 persons were labeled "rightists" for having gone beyond the rules. They were punished with up to 20 years of labor camp or internal exile.

One can glimpse the theoretical origins of both the Cultural Revolution and today's Dengist conservatism in Mao's 1957 analysis of the intellectuals' relationship to the Party. His decision to characterize the intellectuals' conflicts with the Party as a contradiction "among the people" is explicitly not based on a sense of identity with them—he estimates that fewer than ten percent are really committed to socialism—but on a tactical judgment that they are now sufficiently cowed and isolated to go along with the regime. He states frankly in March 1957, "There is still class struggle, particularly in the ideological sphere, but we treat it as a contradiction among the people."

When the intellectuals betrayed him, he concluded in 1958 that "classes in terms of political thinking . . . are not easily abolished, and they have not yet been abolished—that is what we discovered during last year's Rectification [Hundred Flowers] Campaign." This spurred him to develop the theory of "uninterrupted revolution," which called for pushing ahead toward communism without giving "bourgeois ideology" a chance to take root—what he elsewhere referred to approvingly as "transition [to communism] in poverty." The idea that class struggle continues long past the abolition of the economic bases of class became the rationale for the Cultural Revolution. It continues today to justify the regime's assault on "bourgeois liberalization."

The documents in the book skip over the second half of 1957 when the crackdown on the intellectuals occurred, and pick up again in early 1958 when the ebullient Mao is full of renewed confidence, this time in the peasant masses and their enthusiasm for socialism. Mao at this time sounds like a man on a caffeine high. Indeed, according to the memoirs of his bodyguard, he had no regular habits of eating, sleeping, or exercise. His body ran on a 28-hour day, so his sleeping patterns constantly changed. He might eat once or twice a day, depending on when he was hungry. When he was excited he would stay up for three or four days at a time, and then he had great trouble getting to sleep. He was addicted to sleeping pills, constantly drank tea, and ate the tea leaves to combat constipation. He was such a heavy smoker that many of his guards got stomach ulcers from the smoke.

Mao relished the heaven-storming atmosphere of the Great Leap. A decade earlier, he told his colleagues at Beidaihe, his health had improved in Yan'an after the town was attacked by a Kuomintang general. Now he felt that the Western embargo of China was also a good thing, because it helped create a crisis atmosphere that "will mobilize all [our] positive forces." "To have an enemy in front of us, to have tension, is to our advantage." Earlier, in another passage excised from the official version of "On the Correct Handling of Contradictions," Mao said that he debated with Nehru over whether World War III would bring about the elimination of the human race. "I don't accept this argument. . . . As regards fighting World War III, I say that in the first place we do not welcome [it], [but] it's OK [too]." War "stimulates people's activism, arouses people's consciousness, makes revolution erupt."

In 1958 Mao was convinced that the masses had become aroused. Once they poured their huge energies into the task of production, all China's problems would be solved. China would become a great industrial power within "three, five, or seven years." There would be so much surplus grain that it would take three years to eat a year's crop; he worried that with such plenty people might quit cultivating the land. Excess population, which had concerned him as recently as 1957, was no longer a problem. "With many people, there's lots of power." More labor power would make for more wealth. Rural workers released from farming would be put to work in in-

The Glover's Son

To clothe one's hands with the flesh of beasts
And thus reversing the natural order, become
A man. So he may have thought, until the feasts
Brought the players to the village . . . from
Athens, Venice, Rome, or so he thought, as he
Watched the moonlit trees within their words,
The shimmering water flow darkly to the sea,
And heard lost honor sigh upon bright swords.
All seamless, sewn from inside like the gloves
Or capes that fluttered in the rising wind.
To shape such lands with speech that moves
Beyond this little globe: so was he destined.
The night he left for London he threw down
The gloves; then bare-handed took the town.

CARL CONOVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dustry. The country would get so crowded that people would have to line up to go out on the street. "Every large commune will have highways constructed, wider roads of cement or asphalt, with no trees planted [alongside] so that airplanes can land—they will be airports."

The opportunity was ripe to strike toward communism. Mao warned his colleagues not to let the Soviet Union find out about this too soon, for they would be mortified to be left in the dust. The only worry was to find some tasks to leave for the next generation.

Mao's image of communism was drawn straight from Marx's enigmatic "Critique of the Gotha Program," which he took quite literally. People would work for the pleasure of it, not for wages, and would spend one-third of their time in leisure. They would eat without paying. Goods would no longer be produced for exchange, but would be allocated on the basis of need, without regard to exchange value. The patriarchal family system would end with the availability of widespread social security; education and child care would be taken over by the community. Officials would engage in manual labor; military officers would spend time in the ranks; villages, schools, factories, and neighborhoods would be organized into communes that would combine governmental, economic, and military functions. The state would cease to have any role but national defense and the registration of births, deaths, and marriages.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

It was easy for Mao to think of junking the commodity economy because he had little understanding of its workings. Until the early 1950s he and the other Communist leaders had lived under a "supply system" in which the Party provided directly for their needs. After taking power and assuming control over the vast bureaucracy already in place, the Party had to introduce a wage-grade system for officials. Mao himself received a salary of 530 yuan. But he hardly knew what to do with it. His bodyguard says he never touched money and hated it.

And for a farmer's son, Mao knew surprisingly little about agriculture. In December 1957, according to his bodyguard, Mao spent a sleepless night wondering why the peasants were still so poor; he saw no reason why socialism shouldn't already have made them rich. At Beidaihe, he reminded the Party of his orders to enforce two innovations: deep ploughing—better for eliminating weeds, he thought—and close planting, so as to get more plants per acre. In a later meeting he ordered close planting for fruit trees, too, because "when they all grow together, they will be comfortable." Deep ploughing and close planting both turned out to be disastrous, although less so than his regime's stress on ill-conceived water conservation and land reclamation projects that did long-term environmental damage.

Mao claimed to be skeptical of reported super-high grain yields, but he had no idea of what a realistic figure might be. In November 1958 he discounted a claim of 450 million tons of grain to what he thought was a credible 370 tons—double the previous year's harvest. He believed that the communes could readily double agricultural output in one year by concentrating the labor force and land management. He told his colleagues that grain production would soon be so high that one-third of the land could be planted to fruit trees, one-third to grain, and one-third could be left fallow—a howler repeated to me with wonder by young Chinese economists in the 1980s, but never before documented on the public record. Mao claimed there would soon be so much grain that China would supply it free to other countries whenever they were in need.

Mao was a walking example of the danger of a little learning. His interests were wide-ranging, but his knowledge was unsystematic and inaccurate. He had enormous faith in the "Critique of the Gotha Program" and in a Soviet political economy textbook that he frequently quoted, remarking at one point that "dogs are superior animals quite capable of understanding human nature, but the only thing is that they don't understand Marxism, they don't understand steel production—more or less like capitalists." Yet Stalin's economic writings were too dispassionate for him. "In his economics, everything is cold and cheerless, wretched and miserable, and totally gloomy."

According to a recent book on Mao's reading habits, on one trip out of town in October 1959 he instructed his secretary to pack works by Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, Plekhanov, Hegel, the utopian socialists; an anthology of Western philosophy; works of classic Chinese philosophy, including the Legalists and the Daoists; the 24 dynastic histories; and works of contemporary Chinese Marxist writers. It was an ambitious reading program, but narrow and highly theoretical. His economic prescriptions at Beidaihe were theoretical in the worst sense—abstract, contradictory, and damaging. After 27 years of rule, his legacy was an inefficient modern economic system that had been created at exorbitant cost sitting atop a backward rural economy.

Mao was deeply afraid and contemptuous of intellectuals. "The trouble lies in [the fact] that whereas they have read a few books, we haven't. And because we

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haven't, they get so stuck up that it's really hard for us to deal with them." His talks are full of slighting references to professors in particular. In his ramblings before educated audiences on philosophy, history, literature, physics, biology, and chemistry, he self-consciously throws in peasant-like references, which seem intended preemptively to deflate his own intellectualizing while also establishing a superior claim to authority on the basis of materialist dialectics. Thus, in a disquisition on the sources of knowledge, Mao remarks, "The formula for protein has not yet been discovered, [but] the 167 types of reactive dyes have. The world's first, marsh gas, is H_4C; farts are H_2S."

Yet the intellectuals we encounter in these pages treat Mao with real deference. In several of the texts, groups of distinguished Party and non-Party intellectuals seek his advice on a wide range of issues, and he answers every question with self-assurance, although often delphically. The atmosphere is reminiscent of Confucius's dialogues with his disciples; Mao's dicta might as well be tagged "the Master said." Although his authority came partly from his ability to bully and humiliate others, it also drew from the prevalent belief that he really did have the correct answers to all questions. Few Chinese intellectuals, even inside the Party, knew enough about Marxism to challenge Mao's claim to interpret it. In fact, in an interesting sidelight, one of Mao's interlocutors in 1957 states that only about 47 percent of Marx's works have been translated into Chinese. Until the disaster of the Great Leap, Mao's political copybook was in fact unblotted by any major failure. He fostered the image of a sage-king, and for a long time his society was inclined to believe in his powers of vision.

Mao was a master of obfuscation masquerading as dialectics. He says that in writing newspaper articles, "[We] can combine stiffness and gentleness together." "[If] Lu Xun were alive, I think he'd both dare and not dare to write." "Our theory is different: . . . War turns into peace, peace turns into war, life turns into death, death turns into life." One of his favorite devices is to use his vision of the long term to deny the importance of problems in the short term. Arguing for the Hundred Flowers policy against those who fear that Marxism may come under challenge, he comforts them with the thought that "Marxism itself will come to an end someday. . . . The earth will rot one day. Humanity may also be negated." And he insists on the catch-22 proposition that the coercive history of his regime provides no excuse for people failing to speak up boldly. "The genuine Marxist [and] thoroughgoing materialist fears nothing, so he can write." Ignoring his regime's history of coercion, he urges, "We hope to make ours a lively country, where people dare to criticize, dare to speak, dare to express their opinions. [We] should not make people fearful to speak."

Once the Hundred Flowers were suppressed, of course, it was too late for this project to be achieved. The palmy period of the regime came to an end with the collapse of the Leap and the massive famine that followed—the largest in the history of the world. By 1976, when Mao died, the Party was widely unpopular. From 1978 on, Deng Xiaoping restored its authority by playing the economy like a slot machine, finding policy combinations that successively unlocked the suppressed productivity of the villages, underemployed urbanites, small-town factories, and the coastal regions with links to the Chinese diaspora. But the payouts were all pocketed by the mid-1980s. The reforms seemed at a dead end and the regime's legitimacy began to slide. Unable to buy consent, Deng Xiaoping has had to revert to rule by coercion.

Over its 40-year history one of the surprising features of the Chinese Communist regime has been its repeated ability to be surprised by its unpopularity with its own people—in the Hundred Flowers, the Cultural Revolution, the Democracy Wall movement of 1978-79, and the Beijing Spring of 1989. The dynamics of self-isolation and self-deception are clear in Mao's talks of 1957-58. At one meeting recorded in this volume, he finishes a disquisition to a group of Party cadres in Tianjin and then asks for questions. There aren't any; they are afraid to talk to him. He misunderstood his people because he cut himself off from them by his brutality.

The same has been true of the Deng Xiaoping regime. Deng now has to reconfront the contradiction that Mao was trying to resolve in 1957, between the coercive grounding of the regime and its need for the cooperation of the intellectuals. "Dictatorship, arbitrariness, and suppression cannot be applied to ideological problems," Mao warned in 1957. "[If you] want people to obey, [you] have to persuade rather than coerce [them]." It was advice he didn't follow himself. But at least when Mao tried to enforce ideological conformity there was some substance to his thought, however incoherent it may have been at a deeper level, and the intellectuals were disposed to have faith. Today when the regime demands that people "love socialism," the very concept is vacuous, having been sapped of all meaning by a decade of ideological revisionism. The terror that is being imposed today is more Stalinist than Maoist. Mao's terror, at least until the early 1970s, relied for its effectiveness on the ideological conviction of both its perpetrators and its victims. The terror in China today is simply that of a police state, a much more fragile kind.

ANDREW J. NATHAN, author of *Chinese Democracy* (University of California Press), is working on *China's Crisis*, forthcoming from Columbia University Press.

The Language Net

BY ROBERT PINSKY

Poems of Paul Celan
by Paul Celan
translated by Michael Hamburger

(Persea Books, 350 pp., $24.95)

In the writing of Paul Celan, even we readers who can hear poetry only dimly in German can sense the greatness of his invention: the cadences of a music tilted against music's complacency; words punished for their plausibility by being reinvented and fused together and broken apart; syntax chopped and stretched to crack and expose its crust of dead rhetoric. Language in general, perhaps German in particular, is associated by Celan not with light but with darkness, ice and snow. In one poem, truth makes its unlikely appearance among mankind in the midst of our "*Metapherngestöber*," a neologism translated by the English poet Michael Hamburger as "flurrying metaphors." The term suggests an obliterating, aimless, and smothering prolifera-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of things that stand for other things, a storm that covers all in its cold, blank drifts.

This idea of language against itself is a 20th-century commonplace, but Celan, a victim of Nazism writing in German, gives it the full emotional pertinence of the century's history. His work and his life of exile, ending in 1970 with his suicide in Paris at the age of 49, seem a defining outgrowth of that history. Celan's late work is justly known as "difficult," but its difficulty has the authority of its material. A Romanian Jew whose parents were murdered in the notorious work camps of Transnistria, Celan chose to write his poems in German, and after the war he chose to live in Paris. Thus, a person of many European cultures and languages, but also of none, Celan was historically situated so as to witness Europe's great spasm of self-destruction, and to re-create that massive unmaking in his poems.

Elliptical, rhythmically hypnotic, each word obdurate and inward as a geode, these poems embody the conviction that the truth of what has been broken and torn must be told only with a jagged grace. German was the language of his parents, Romanian and Hebrew the languages of his schools, French the language of his adult daily life. From English Celan translated poems by Shakespeare, Dickinson, Frost, and from Russian Mandelstam and Blok. The act of translation that most determines his writing is the translation from the world of the living to the world of the dead.

Caught in the language-net (*Sprachgitter*, in the title of one of his volumes) or metaphor-storm, the living can lose all touch with the dead. Celan's imaginative pilgrimage to the world of the slaughtered seems to be couched in a discovered language of destruction:

SCHNEEBETT

Augen, Weltblind, im Sterbegeklüft: Ich komm,
Hartwuchs im Herzen.
Ich komm.

Mondspiegel Stailwand. Hinab.
(Atemgeflecktes Geleucht. Strichweise Blut.
Wölkende Seele, noch einmal gestaltnah.
Zehnfingerschatten—verklammert.)

Augen weltblind.
Augen im Sterbegeklüft,
Augen Augen:

Das Schneebett unter uns beiden, das Schneebett.
Kristall um Kristall,
zeittief gegittert, wir fallen,
wir fallen und liegen und fallen.

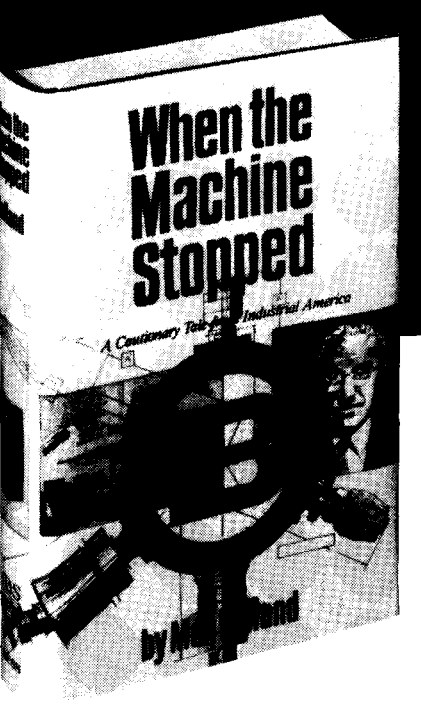
Und fallen:
Wir waren. Wir sind.
Wir sind ein Fleisch mit der Nacht.
In den Gängen, den Gängen.

Comparison of the original and the translation of this one poem can stand both for the virtues of the translator's achievement and for translation's necessary, severe limitations. Michael Hamburger has earned our gratitude for rendering these poems in a reasonably inventive English that has the tact to gesture toward the impossibility of his task. (The present volume is a revised and expanded version of Hamburger's *Paul Celan: Poems*, which appeared in 1980 and has had a great impact on American poets.) Since Celan's implosions and distortions, his oblique puns and his violent exaggerations of German's compound words, can be neither rendered nor ignored, Hamburger can only indicate them, as if with a gesture.

Such salvaging and rendering from language to language is a specialized case of the difficulty of making poems, the difficulty of creating a presence that is not a version of something else, but an actual emotional reality in language. Frost said that poetry is what is lost in translation; but like translation, poetry itself pursues what has been lost. Both translation and metaphor put one thing in the place of another. George Steiner (Celan's advocate) suggests in *After Babel* the identity of poetic composition and translation. If perfect translation is impossible, translation itself is inevitable,

"Fascinating . . . the fate of Burgmaster and its brethren is crucial to the U.S. Industrial economy."
—*Business Week*

"A passionate critique . . . not unlike Tracy Kidder's *The Soul of a New Machine* in its mastery of technical detail and ability to absorb the reader in the dynamics of the corporation."
—*Los Angeles Times*



From the machine shop floor to the frenzied world of high finance, journalist Max Holland tells the life and death story of an American machine tool company named Burgmaster.

Harvard Business School Press
$22.95 *At your local bookstore or call 1-617-495-6117*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

part of the ongoing process of culture moving through time. Everything we say, according to Steiner, is a kind of translation.

There is all the more reason, then, to read Celan's poems in at least two languages at once, and to absorb as best one can their peculiar defiance of translation. Here is Hamburger's version of the first three stanzas of the poem I have quoted:

SNOW-BED

Eyes, world-blind, in the fissure of dying; I come,
callous growth in my heart.
I come.

Moon-mirror rock-face. Down.
(Shine spotted with breath. Blood in streaks.
Soul forming clouds, close to the true shape once more.
Ten-finger shadow, clamped.)

Eyes world-blind,
eyes in the fissure of dying,
eyes:

The first three terms—*Augen, weltblind, Sterbegeklüft*—launch a journey to the dead, a process embodied by the broken-off substantives of the second stanza. Then, in a good example of the term "untranslatable," *Augen, weltblind, Sterbegeklüft* return again in the third stanza, but transmuted. How can English evoke that syntactical repetition, which brings the poet himself closer to those three terms of death, as in a macabre version of Keats's "already with thee"?

A translator in the manner of Ezra Pound might try for cognate English terms like "deathcleft" for Hamburger's "in the fissure of dying." But "Hard-waxed" for "*Hartwuchs*" would sound like car polish, while the syllable "*wuchs*" indicates a waxing as in the growth of the moon, the "*Mond*" of "*Mondspiegel Steilwand.*" So in the two collided syllables "*Hartwuchs,*" the hard-spot that has formed on the human heart—a heart-wart—is associated with the hard rock-wall of the reflective moonmirror, with its breath-flecked light that seems to condense again the cloudy souls of the exterminated and long-buried, now nearly formed anew: *gestaltnah*—"gestalt-nigh," to form another impossible English cognate. Somewhere between such inventions or the pseudo-Hopkins "death-cleft" (or "deathchasm"?) and "breath-flecked" (*Atemgeflecktes*) on one side, and Hamburger's discrete solutions on the other side ("shine spotted with breath," "close to the true shape once more") lies the extraordinary, tormented verbal music I can only imagine and half-sense. It is the music of a death embrace, living imagination and irrefutable death clamped together like the jammed syllables of "tenfingershadow—full-clamped."

After that stanza of horrific nouns, the opening words come back as subjective rather than objective: the eyes, world-blind, that are addressed by the poet in the first line become those of the poet, or merged with his, in the third stanza. The epic theme of the Journey to the Underground governs the arc of all Celan's language. Here in the Snowbed that arc is completed with terrible thoroughness. "I come," the poet tells the dead in the first line, but by the third stanza, with the adjective following the noun, as in English "eyes open"; now he not merely comes but arrives, eyes open and eyes world-blind, his eyes in the staring binary repetition of the line "*Augen Augen*" as purely and merely eyes as the unblinking eyes of the frozen dead. The double noun, each half modifying the other—these eyes are not seeing eyes or brown eyes or blue eyes, but eye eyes: not eyes awake or eyes open or eyes sleeping, but entirely eyes eyes—executes its grim tautological joke. In "*Augen Augen*" one thing does not stand for another: here where *a* equals *a* the metaphor-flurry is still.

And indeed, the rest of the poem is made mainly of binary repetitions:

The snow-bed under us both, the snow-bed,
Crystal on crystal,
meshed deep as time, we fall,
we fall and lie there and fall.

And fall.
We were. We are.
We are one flesh with the night.
In the passages, passages.

The journey to the dead is a great falling and lying down and falling, like the coming apart of sentences and distinctions: eye-eye and crystal on crystal, an interwoven mesh or network of negations, "meshed deep as time," as Hamburger's English has it. But the weave of "*zeittief gegittert*" has a jammed, explosive eloquence, as if we could say something like "timedeep engridded." "*Gegittert*" recalls that the book in which "Snow-Bed" appeared was titled after a poem called "*Sprachgitter*": "Languagemesh," the trapping and supporting grid of crosses that entangles life, the metaphor-flurry as a binding trellis. The force of that net or latticework, connecting everything with the sticky web of words, finds its counterforce and its representation in Celan's laconic repacking of language into painfully overfreighted fragments.

And yet this overpacking is characteristically yoked with the echo of a grammar textbook: "*Wir waren. Wir sind.*" We were, we are: the symmetry and relentlessness of a language lesson. The tyrannical entropy of everything boiling down to one thing, eye eyes, crystal on crystal, devolves into the poem's final line: "*In den Gängen, den Gängen.*" "In the passages, passages." But also, in German, the ways, the ways of going and the ways of walking, and also the works, as in the movements of watches, so not only the corridors of Night and the passages of Night's flesh, but also Night's gears and its gaits and its wellsprings.

In short, the words of the poem seem to hover in the land of the dead, partly by using traditional aspects of poetic language with a kind of destructive, raging terseness, so that repetitions, figures of sound, and images seem ready to collapse into a furious silence. That is the genius of Celan, and in translation the fury and unmaking recede, while a more ordinary poetry of construction takes the foreground.

At the age of 23, immediately after the war, Celan wrote the "*Todesfuge*" ("Deathfugue"). John Felstiner has described the remarkable career of this poem (TNR, "The Biography of a Poem," April 2, 1984). It became a central part of the German school canon, much anthologized and translated and quoted ("Black milk of daybreak we drink it at sundown . . ."), an essential work in Holocaust literature and—in short—one of those great works that are pressed by the weight of attention toward the shape of a chestnut. The honoring integument of anthology and pedagogy seemed to muffle, nearly to deride, the poem's rejection of poetry's euphony, a rejection that in the poet's work became more stringent and sardonic. (For whatever reason, Celan began refusing permission to reprint the poem in anthologies.) From a great poet of explicit rhetoric, Celan became a great anti-rhetorical poet, with a moral strictness that makes mere "experiment" seem frivolous, and mere literal translation seem tepid. Language undoes itself best, these poems suggest, in the original.

None understands this situation better than Hamburger, a gifted poet and resourceful translator. In the reprinted version of his 1979 introduction, Hamburger speaks of the "process of reception" by which poems by Celan over repeated readings and over many years "became accessible." The magnitude and humility of this work are a great gift to us readers who with Hamburger's guidance pick our way through the German on the facing page.

That halting labor is itself a reflection of the work of Celan's poems, an effort to pick out the truth from among the swirling flurry or network of mere representations, the interstices where *this* is oriented by *that*. In his Jewish family in a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now lost region of Romania, German was his mother tongue, and the language in which the order was given to shoot his mother in the head when she became too weak to work. Steiner has said that only Primo Levi and Celan among survivors have found language adequate to that period. Celan's resource appears to be something like a disassembly of language's network of expectation, a commensurate destruction and mastery. In the phrase from "*Todesfuge*" "Death is a master from Germany," the poet's word *Meister* surely conveys some sense not only of "boss" but also of the prowess in art we indicate in English by the Italian borrowing "maestro," and in "masterpiece."

Death is a maestro from Germany, in these austere German poems, and in the "*Todesfuge*": *süsser*, "play more sweetly," he calls out to the musicians as the forced labor digs the graves. That dramatic scene, in the later poems, becomes transformed into an inward drama. Michael Hamburger helps us perceive that drama, a contest like the more explicit "*Todesfuge*," of music and torment, labor and despair, the accursed and the articulated, sweetness and breaking.

ROBERT PINSKY's most recent book is *Poetry and the World* (Ecco Press), a collection of essays.

Kingsley and the Women

BY HERMIONE LEE

Difficulties with Girls by Kingsley Amis

(Summit, 276 pp., $18.95)

"Go on about not liking women," someone encourages the Amis-surrogate in *Jake's Thing*. He does. And how he does! Of all the specimens Amis subjects to malediction and anathema—Americans, other foreigners, people of the next generation, the literati, psychoanalysts, interior decorators, academics, homosexuals—women come first. His titles reduce them to species—*Take a Girl Like You*; *Girl, 20*; *Stanley and the Women*; and now *Difficulties with Girls*. His plots, equally obsessional, fix on one or another area of lamentable or disgusting human behavior (most things human disgust him)—sexual irresponsibility and greed, impotence, madness, old age, jealousy. But whatever the central male character's "uneasy feeling," his complaint will sooner or later give him grounds for giving or receiving a diatribe on "not liking women":

> They don't mean what they say, they don't use language for discourse but for extending their personality, they take all disagreement as opposition, yes they do, even the brightest of them, and that's the end of the search for truth, which is what the whole thing's supposed to be about.
>
> (*Jake's Thing*)

> "Not enough of a motive?" His voice had gone high. "Fucking up a man? Not enough of a motive: What are you talking about? Good God, you've had wives, haven't you? And not impossibly had some acquaintance with other women as well? You can't be new to feeling the edge of the most powerful weapon in their amoury. You must have suffered before from the effect of their having noticed, at least the brighter ones among them having noticed, that men are different, men quite often wonder whether they're doing the right thing and worry about it, men not only feel they've made mistakes but on occasion will actually admit having done so, and say they're sorry, and ask to be forgiven, and promise not to do it again, and mean it. Think of that! Mean it. All beyond female comprehension. Which incidentally is why they're not novelists and must never be priests."
>
> (*Stanley and the Women*)

Like-minded Anthony Burgess, enthusiastically reviewing *Stanley and the Women* in 1984, greeted Amis as the leader of a counterrevolution, the Norman Mailer of Hampstead. "Lady reviewers," said Burgess, adopting an Amis-style derogatory category, "will express whimsical wonder that the great lessons of the new feminism have not sunk into yet another obdurately piggish male brain. They've sunk in all right. Women wanted the big division, and by God they've got it." But a less welcoming and less exuberant reading can be made of Amis as a writer armadilloed inside his overlapping plates of fear and loathing, bigotry and scorn, still "going on" in the same way about the same things.

Some readers find this lovable and reassuring. There's an English habit (as Alan Bennett has pointed out) of getting fond of everyone—train robbers, venal politicians, failed dictators, bad actors—if they only live long enough. And post-Booker-prize Amis *père* is beginning, I suspect, to be treated with that kind of cozy warmth, as a splendid monument of British satire, an engaging old devil. Perhaps he will be knighted. This kind of fond veneration seems to me misplaced. For one thing, he has a tremendously strong and vicious set of teeth and very high savage comic spirits, so he should not be taken for granted. For another, his comedy (now more than ever) is not affable. It is desperate. To reread him feels to me more like a life sentence than a long friendship.

It's suggestive of his reiterativeness that *Difficulties with Girls* returns, nearly 30 years on, to the characters of *Take a Girl Like You*. Sexy, high-principled northern working-class lass Jenny Bunn ended up in the first book, for all her principles, drunk and unconscious, being raped by her predatory, handsome, self-regarding suitor Patrick Standish. As though this weren't enough punishment to have meted out to one fictional character in revenge for her niceness, Jenny Bunn has now become Mrs. Standish. They married because she was pregnant, then she miscarried. Since then (eight years later, in 1968) she has not been able to give Patrick, as she puts it to herself, "his money's worth."

Patrick, in this direly conventional analysis of biological imperatives, has been consistently unfaithful to her since their marriage. The opportunities for this have widened since his move, Lucky Jim-style (but without the sense of good fortune), from his job as a classics teacher in a Hertfordshire school to a London publishing house. The novel's sluggish and cursory plot, mainly located in their desirable new South London apartment block, "Lower Ground," centers on Patrick's infidelities and Jenny's unhappiness, with analogous "difficulties with girls" provided by the violently quarreling homosexual couple next door, and by another potential neighbor, an eccentric calling himself Tim Valentine, who has left his wife because he thinks he's gay. Comic set pieces are provided by publishing parties and conspiracies, and scenes in the local pub, presided over by a jovially fascist landlord.

Amis's comic brilliance has always taken two main forms. One is his bravura handling of violent farce, never surpassed since *Lucky Jim*, and here gone as limp as Jake's thing. The other is his implacable dossier on cant and affectation. Based on a long and unbending set of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rules about what does and doesn't belong to "the realm of the fully intolerable" and what has and hasn't been taken over by the "terrible craps" (such as *liking trees*), the dossier consists of wonderfully splenetic and unforgiving readings of false language, bad taste, and grotesque pretensions. However reprehensible the main character, he is always the Amis-surrogate whose assumptions are lined up like his author's, as when Patrick says of a social event, "You're reading too little into it," or remembers that his reasons for disliking some woman had "something to do with talking, or with words. Well, it would have."

As usual, then, *Difficulties with Girls* consists of the annotation and explication of terrible mannerisms. Tim Valentine's catastrophic sneeze and experiments with queeniness; the sexy neighbor Wendy Porter-King's vapid emotional garbage ("Life seems to have begun at last in a strange way"), and her husband's accessories ("Round his neck he had knotted a mauve-and-yellow scarf to show this or that about himself"). No one 'scapes whipping; any desirable woman passing by in the street is fodder for the dossier:

> one with a greedy mouth, wearing a mostly white dress that buttoned down the front and had its row of buttons seriously pushed out of line from within, walking fast and in a kind of self-centered way on glistening red high-heeled shoes, chafing to track down some other poor bugger and fuck him up. Over to him, thank God.

But something is wrong. More wrong, that is, than what is already wrong, from the whimsical lady reviewer's point of view, with that quotation. The mannerisms aren't very funny, and, more important, they don't seem especially accurate. There are some ordinary gestures against the swinging 1960s—the publisher's cynically trendy list, "Poets in Progress" and "Media Monitors," a guru in Eaton Square ("Krishna Ram Das has made you see the world is good"), a visit to a Soho porn shop ("Was it bondage, sir?"). But the satire reads more like a reiteration of settled prejudices than the earlier kind of deadly precision job on, say, provincial sexual mores in the late 1950s in *Take a Girl Like You*. Some of the diatribes—on the political "struggle-for-power" between the sexes, or the dangerousness of psychoanalysis—echo very similar passages from novels set in the mid-1970s and 1980s.

Why, then, the return to the late 1960s? The reason for this is not at first obvious, because it's so hard to believe. But by the end of the book (a jealous fight between the gay couple, Tim's return to "normal," and Jenny's pregnancy, which she and Patrick both welcome as the "saving" of their marriage), there's no mistaking it.

Women (in case you need reminding) are awful. Homosexuals are disgusting. This is frequently emphasized in the scenes where Patrick is persuading Tim that there is "nothing wrong with him," and that he should avoid "that world" because it "is incredibly nasty and incredibly dangerous," or where Jenny, whose puritanism is meant to be sympathetic, is wondering what homosexuals *do*:

> If it was *entirely* up to them, why did she go on feeling that what they did (she disliked getting even as far as that way of putting it) was unpleasant every time she thought of it, and just as unpleasant, absolutely as unpleasant, when she thought of it now as when ever she had thought of it the first time?

In every homosexual partnership, there is a "woman" (one of "nature's ladies"), as the "male" homosexual neighbor, Eric, explains to Patrick:

> You and I are by nature, by our respective natures, males who are irresistibly attracted by a non-male principle. In your case, straightforward, women; in my case not straightforward, not women—*but*, non-male, except anatomically. And it's the clash between male and non-male that causes all the trouble. They're different from us. More like children. Crying when things go wrong. Making difficulties just so as to be a person.

The title tells us that this is the clue to the book. And this explains its dating. It is set in the year of the act that legalized homosexual activity between consenting adults. This gives Amis his best example of the damage done by the libertarian 1960s (a now standard right-wing view in Britain). One of his targets has always been "openness": the psychoanalyst's work at disclosing what is hidden, the adulterer's "irresponsible" desire to confess, the predatory woman's addiction to emotional heart-searching (referred to by Patrick as "cock-tax"). The argument here seems to be that 1960s libertarianism was responsible for the worst kind of openness, leading to what Basil Ransome in *The Bostonians* (similarly about 500 years behind his times) called "the damnable feminization of the age."

Amis is too cunning not to have exceptions to his rules, and in his weaker novels, like this one, his strategies show through revealingly. The awfulness of women is "allowed" for by the exceptional niceness of Jenny, whose resignation to betrayal and insult is touching, and who is clearly meant to appeal to us for her dutiful endurance of her husband's behavior, her delighted gratitude when he feels like making love to her, and her belief that a woman should never make a scene.

The blimpishness of Patrick's views ("No to all immigrant restrictions, eh? They haven't got to live with 'em," etc.) is craftily set off by a range of far, far more bigoted minor characters, done of course with relish, whom even Patrick is allowed to find extreme. But the most characteristic strategy is the loathing and the humiliation that Amis pours into his anti-hero. Patrick's adulteries are stupid, his work is contemptible, and his treatment of Jenny beneath contempt. Even in *Take a Girl Like You*, he had to think back many years before "he could find a time when he had felt all right—not happy or fulfilled or in tune with things or any of that junk, but simply *all right*." Now his average states of mind are on a scale somewhere between "ennui and dejection" and a terrible, panic-struck fear of dying.

Like his late friend Philip Larkin, Amis is a great celebrator of English misery and bad feeling. His best writing maintains that the world "in its true light" is

> a place where nothing had ever been any good and nothing of significance done: no art worth a second look, no philosophy of the slightest appositeness, no law but served the state, no history that gave an inkling of how it had been and what had happened. And no love, only egotism, infatuation and lust.
>
> (*Jake's Thing*)

The "Lower Ground" that the Standishes inhabit is a defensive position, but it is also an underworld of bile and dismay. The worst thing about hell, so they say, is the repetitiousness, the inability to escape from oneself.

HERMIONE LEE is a senior lecturer at the University of York.

CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 2*

But Fainsod's *How Russia Is Ruled* and Hough's *How the Soviet Union Is Governed* do not "estimate" things in at all the same way, as the very titles suggest. To take a single example, Mr. Fainsod's index lists 65 references to Soviet labor camps. Mr. Hough's lists—none!

Mr. Hough asks how his figure of 4.5 million to 5 million excess deaths in 1926-39 can be construed as "a palatably low number." Well, even Stalin admitted that *some* were being killed; and Walter Duranty, Stalin's foremost apologist in the Western press in the 1930s, conceded at least two million excess deaths in the 1932-33 famine. A modern Duranty must find a figure as low as can hope to obtain assent in the West.

Mr. Hough reckons 3.5 million of his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4.5-5 million to be peasants whose deaths were "most probably the product of the famine of 1932-33." While he does see this famine as a consequence of collectivization, he does not view it as a conscious act of terror (as it is now viewed in the Soviet Union). In Mr. Hough's view, then, most of the excess dead were victims at worst of manslaughter, not murder.

The figure of 4.5-5 million excess deaths between 1926 and 1939 is based, Mr. Hough tells us, on census figures interpretable only by experts. The 1939 Census figures, however, were faked. Soviet demographers are now complaining of the naïveté of Western historians who accepted them. (A 1937 Census was suppressed and the Census Board shot; Stalin announced the 1939 figures before the new Census Board had the returns; and deaths in custody were omitted.)

Mr. Hough's total of 75,000 to 200,000 dead in the 1937-39 purge is based solely on his theory that higher estimates are "improbable." Yet in a recent symposium published in *Questions of History*, the Soviet Union's leading historical journal, 1.5 *million* is the *lowest* figure given, and it is criticized as such. (Mr. Hough's total would barely fit into a single one of the recently excavated mass graves of Stalin's victims.)

Mr. Hough wonders rhetorically about the moral difference between 5 million and 20 million dead. Apart from the fact that most of his 5 million are only indirectly on Stalin's conscience, the answer should be obvious. A ghastly, wrenching distortion of the whole society is implicit in the higher—far more than in the lower—figure. This is vital to a conscientious understanding of the Soviet Union's past and present. Scholars and researchers in the Soviet Union have lately been publishing a whole series of analyses, all giving figures in the range of 20 million dead. It is time for the *amende honorable* from Mr. Hough and his like.

Mr. Hough makes much of his prediction of liberalization. This prediction has been usual for writers of all views since Orwell wrote that "the Soviet Union will democratize or perish." (To say that a society is conservative is not to say that it will not change.) Robert Conquest, to take another example, has often written of an inevitable democratization. So have many others. But Mr. Hough's prediction is vitiated by the fact that he already thought of the U.S.S.R. as fairly liberal, or fairly pluralist. He even wrote that Brezhnev's regime was "more tolerant" than Khrushchev's and that "in some respects the liberalization of the Brezhnev period broke new ground"—a view shared by no one in the Soviet Union, and by few elsewhere. For Mr. Hough the U.S.S.R. is always fairly good, and always getting better.

Mr. Cockburn asserts, rather lamely I think, that he did not "endorse" the low purge figures he cited as the kicker to his argument. Fortunately, his letter provides enough context so that readers may judge for themselves whether I did him an injustice.

As for the benefits of *glasnost*, Mr. Hough might do worse than to urge them on Mr. Cockburn and the *Nation*, whose attitudes he warmly approves. While we publish Mr. Hough's and Mr. Cockburn's evasions, the *Nation* has failed to publish two solid rebuttals of Mr. Cockburn by Robert Conquest—whose definitive book *The Great Terror* is about to be serialized in the Soviet literary-political journal *Neva* and whose other work is now widely and authoritatively cited by an emerging generation of independent scholars.

TRB *continued from page 4*

Morgan's defenders note correctly that the purpose of jail for contempt of court is to coerce compliance, not to punish. A person who has proved herself adamant is supposed to be released. In a triumph many powerful lobbies must envy, they have even gotten the House of Representatives to pass a bill saying that no one can be jailed more than 18 months for civil contempt in D.C. But what if it were Foretich, the accused sex abuser, whose parents (also accused) had spirited Hilary away? Would there not be outrage if he were released from jail without producing the child on the grounds that, well, he has shown he'll never change his mind?

For all the voluminous proceedings, the plague of psychologists, the massive publicity, there has never yet been a real opportunity for a court to assess the evidence. In a lawsuit by Morgan, a Virginia jury ruled for Foretich; an appeals court held that vital evidence had been wrongly excluded, but there couldn't be a retrial because Morgan had taken matters into her own hands by then. Both Foretich and Judge Dixon say what they want now is not unsupervised visitations but an opportunity for a neutral ruling, with Hilary in foster care until the case is resolved. Foretich has said he will abide by the result. Morgan says she will not deal with an "incest father" or "a judge hungry for the ruin of a little girl." She will not produce Hilary for a new hearing, and will only abide by the result "if Hilary's safety were in no way compromised."

People understandably would like to resolve this case without forcing Morgan to give in. They argue that Hilary's needs matter more than her father's rights. Whatever the truth about him, they say, she is better off with her grandparents than with foster parents (or, possibly, than with either of her real parents), and she hardly needs more agonizing legal proceedings. What is more, if there is any chance Foretich is guilty, isn't that reason enough to keep Hilary away from him? Wouldn't any mother do the same?

Perhaps, but wouldn't any father—if he is innocent—do what Foretich is doing? Foretich may well be guilty. But if Morgan is allowed to decide this for herself, and becomes a popular heroine for doing so, there will be many innocent fathers victimized by vengeful wives—and innocent mothers victimized by vengeful husbands, too, for that matter. Children in general will not benefit. It is the promise of neutral justice that keeps people from taking the law into their own hands in every field, not just family relations. The courts are not infallible, but when citizens are bitterly irreconcilable they're all we've got.

DAVID STOCKMAN was one of 41 Salomon executives who last March contributed $500 to the "re-election campaign" of Thomas Foley—who is routinely re-elected with over 60 per cent of the vote. But maybe Stockman thinks Foley (cumulative ACU rating: 14 per cent) will help cut the deficit.

For an introductory 15-issue subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW for just $17.95, call 800-222-6806.

TRACES OF POLISH JEWS

A Special Issue of Studium Papers

Includes articles, poetry, reviews, an exclusive survey, and an interview with Marek Edelman. (76 pp.)

Studium Papers
P.O. Box 4391
Ann Arbor, MI 48106
$8.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WASHINGTON DIARIST

Up To Speed

WHY ALL THE FUSS ABOUT PETE Rose? Granted, his image has undergone a pretty grotesque metamorphosis: one day he's hugging his son at first base after breaking the most venerable record in baseball—Ty Cobb's 4,191 career hits—and the next day he's feverishly writing checks to low-life bookies. But the little-remembered truth is that Rose forfeited his hero status long before the commissioner's office started investigating his gambling habits. It happened in 1980, when he was playing for the Philadelphia Phillies, leading them to a world championship. State drug investigators discovered that a physician in Reading, Pennsylvania, had been prescribing large quantities of amphetamines to selected Phillies. Among them were Rose and several other notables, including Tim McCarver, who is now parlaying his hick accent, cornball humor, and clean-cut persona into a tenured position as one of America's most adored baseball broadcasters. During a period encompassing two seasons, 300 Dexamyl pills were prescribed in Rose's name—almost exactly one per game. If you infer that Rose was taking speed to "enhance performance," doesn't that take some luster off his world record? Actually, not necessarily. Uppers are so widely used in baseball that Rose could plausibly argue he had to take them in order to compete equally with Ty Cobb; otherwise he would have faced chemically assisted pitchers without any chemical assistance—something Cobb never had to do. Anyway, this is beside the point. What earned Rose a place in my hall of shame wasn't (allegedly) taking the uppers, but what he did afterward.

WHEN THE PRESCRIPTIONS CAME to light, Rose and other Phillies said they hadn't requested or received the drugs. Amazingly, state officials took the players at their word and concluded that the prescriptions were phony; the doctor who wrote them—a longtime team physician for a Phillies farm club—must have been diverting the drugs to the black market or to personal use. The state attorney general even decided to prosecute the doctor (and the ardent Phillies fan who served as courier) for this diversion, never asking the obvious question: If you were a doctor trying to run a low-profile drug ring, would you write fake prescriptions out to Pete Rose, c/o Veterans Stadium? As the state's case gained momentum, Rose and his teammates faced a simple choice. Either testify that you used the drugs—which would have been legal, since they were prescribed by a physician, and which wouldn't have violated any written rule of professional baseball—or help send the doctor and courier off to the slammer muttering that they've been framed. And bear in mind: the two accused men were longtime friends of the Phillies organization. The courier, a middle-aged machinist, was virtually a team groupie. Long before any of the prescriptions had been written, he was picking up hoagies and Polish sausage from a favored sandwich shop in Reading and proudly delivering them to Phillies in the locker room, where he was warmly received. Well, that was then; this was now. Testifying under oath at a pretrial hearing, Rose and McCarver again claimed that they had never asked for or gotten any speed. (As for a *Playboy* interview in which Rose had admitted to taking amphetamines: he said under oath that he had been misquoted.) But then an obscure relief pitcher named Randy Lerch unexpectedly broke ranks. He testified that, yes, he had requested and received pills from the doctor. The judge dismissed the case, and the Phillies traded Lerch within a few weeks. The *Philadelphia Inquirer*'s elaborate reconstruction of the affair, published in July 1981, left little doubt that the whole thing had been a cover-up involving not only the Phillies players, but the Phillies ownership and even state officials. Rose's success in dodging the bullet in 1980 may account for the tenacity with which he's now fighting all the evidence against him. And the incident may shed light on other things, too. Read this wistful tribute to Rose that appeared in *Time* a couple of weeks ago: "He was Charlie Hustle, the man who ran out even his bases on balls, who played with a boyish exuberance and devil-may-care abandon. . . . He soared far beyond athletes who had vastly more natural grace." Sure did.

SPEAKING OF GUYS WHO REFUSE to go down gracefully: Jeffrey MacDonald, the Green Beret convicted of murdering his wife and kids, is now the subject of a syndicated, BBC-produced documentary that questions whether he was proved guilty beyond a doubt. I haven't seen the show, but I nonetheless give you this guidance: don't waste your time; he's guilty. As far as I'm concerned, the clinching evidence has always been MacDonald's claim that the murderers were drug-crazed hippies chanting, "Acid is groovy . . . Kill the Pigs." By 1970, when the murder occurred, *no one* who did drugs was still using the word "groovy" (with the possible exception of MacDonald, who had been taking amphetamines). In fact, if the list of suspects is confined to people still using that word at that late date, I know of only a couple who qualify: Jim Lang, host of the original "Dating Game," and Mike Douglas, who, as I recall, did more than one swinging rendition of the song "Feelin' Groovy." And then there's MacDonald. You decide.

I'M NOT TRYING TO IMPRESS YOU, but: I recently had lunch with Dan Quayle. OK, it wasn't just me and Dan. It was me, Dan, about a dozen other journalists, and a couple of Quayle advisers who tended to look apprehensive when he was talking. The lunch was off the record, or on background, or something, but I don't think that prohibits me from sharing general impressions. It is true, as Quayle's defenders claim, that you come away from an encounter with him not overwhelmed by his lack of intelligence. But the reason isn't that he strikes you as bright; it's that the deficiency he exudes goes well beyond intelligence per se. He's just a generally out-of-his-depth guy; in lots of little ways, he's a couple of notches below what you'd expect from someone occupying his office (not to mention you-know-which office). He greets you with a rote, dishrag handshake and fuzzy eye contact reminiscent of Katharine Ross in *The Stepford Wives*. Then he sits down and fails to make passable small talk. He occasionally tells a dopey joke, and, when somebody tells a good one, he grasps it roughly two seconds after everyone else; once he even echoed the punch line in less subtle terms, as if anyone but him needed to have it boiled down. Quayle does demonstrate a mastery of fact in some areas (like weapons in space, for example, and weapons in space), and he's obviously working to expand his expertise. But he can't seem to put facts together with sustained coherence. Notwithstanding all this, and maybe partly because of it, he's a likable guy—straightforward, and even possessing shreds of self-awareness. In fact, I left the lunch feeling sorry for him: here's someone who, through a series of events largely beyond his control, has been conspicuously elevated beyond his level of competence. I vowed not to write anything nasty about him for a while. But then I remembered: whatever he lacks in competence is being manufactured for him; he's surrounded by very bright aides, who gravitate toward power like moths to light, however dim the bulb. He'll get by. Those jokey "Quayle '96" T-shirts circulating in Washington this summer already make me a little queasy.

ROBERT WRIGHT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA NEEDS PROVEN DEFENSE SYSTEMS. AMERICA NEEDS THE F-14.

Few U.S. defense systems are as tested as the Grumman F-14 Tomcat.

It's seen action in every recent American combat mission. It's evaded Libyan missiles and downed their attacking fighters. It's the fighter the Navy depends on to defend our aircraft carriers.

The Navy needs its proven "Top Gun." America needs the F-14.

GRUMMAN®

® A registered trademark of Grumman Corporation

LICENSED TO UNIDOCS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Brilliant deduction.

Why is Merit Ultra Lights one of today's fastest growing brands? It is our hypothesis that it has something or other to do with how good it tastes. What do you think?

Enriched Flavor,™ ultra low tar. A solution with Merit.

Merit Ultra Lights

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1989

Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED